

# New York Times

## FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1875, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,  
Publishers.  
David Adams.

NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1875.

TERMS IN ADVANCE (One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
Two copies, one year, \$2.00.  
Three copies, one year, \$3.00.)

No. 263.

### AFTER THREE YEARS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

"Did I? I declare I'd forgotten. It was such a long time ago. How easy one's memory shortens. The older and wiser they grow. One always says silly things sometime. In the freshness and bloom of one's youth. And I dare say there might have been one time— When I thought I was telling the truth. Not married? Why, Charlie, how funny! It's time that you were, do you know? You're young yet, with plenty of money— Oh, pshaw! don't begin to talk so. Of course you will marry—what speeches! For a man of your years, I must laugh; Let me see—I believe your age reaches About twenty-eight years and a half. Will I dance? yes, thank you, most certain! Why not? Only, Charlie, take care. Or people will say we are flirting. And now that I'm—that is not fair! You oughtn't to have taken. It's really not proper, because Since I have been—no, you're mistaken. You must wait for the music to pause."

"And so you've been traveling. How long? Ah, yes—I remember, three years; But mercy! don't put such a scowl on! No more—I don't like *La Zola*. They play it so fast, and I'm dizzy. Now please do not take me to task. That gentleman was talking to me, was he? Yes, I know him, pray why did you ask? Is it possible, Charlie, that no one has told you, that two years ago—I was—is it you, Mr. Archer, I owe one?— I really shall have to say 'no'— For, with waiting so swiftly with Charlie. And the heart of Mr. Archer, well, well, I'm ready to drop. Mr. Farley. May I ask you—my husband to call?"

"Ah, here he comes!—yes, Mr. Jennings. I'm ready—but let me, my dear. Introduce my old friend, Charlie Glenning. I have not seen for three years. I knew you were waiting—I saw you. As patient a man as could be. I really had sympathy for you. But then you should dance, do you see? And now, if you'll please call the carriage. You wait here with Charlie, well, well, well. And you knew not a word of my marriage! I thought so! I tried hard to tell you, but you were so busy. The carriage is ready!" all right! Call and see, please do. Mr. Glenning. At West Forty-seventh—Good-night."

## The Terrible Truth: OR, THE THORNHURST MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE  
WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CO-  
RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.  
A LETTER AND A CHARGE.

The glory of a mid-August day lay upon the earth. Fields of late golden grain lay ready for the harvest waved in the sun. Olden vines hung down toward the sky, and invited flocks of chattering, noisy birds by their wealth of scattered grains.

Nowhere was the splendor of that fervid summer month reflected more joyously than from the long reaches of Thornhurst. Never had the rich estate given back a better yield; never had the orchards been more amply laden with fruit. For two brief years Alice Vivian was mistress of Thornhurst mansion and queen of her husband's heart; then she died, leaving another tiny life to grow into the void left behind.

That was twenty-one years before, and Vane Vivian now was just of age, the idol of his father, for all there was sometimes tempestuous scenes between them.

Seymour Vivian, hot-headed and passionate all his life-long, had grown irascible with advancing years. He had a great, generous heart within the thin, white, towering frame that withstood time like some grand old oak grown rugged under the storms—a generous heart, but crusted in by obstinacy and long-indulged self-opinion, until now he stood with his faults and foibles, a hot-tempered, hasty old man, whose passions were like tropic storms, fierce and short-lived.

Something had gone amiss with him this bright August day.

Thunder was on his brow, lightning in his eyes, and an ominous stillness in his aspect, the calm before the storm. A quick, springy step approached, and Vane Vivian entered his father's presence, his smooth, dark, boyish face, handsome and glowing as it had been not many weeks since on the sandy stretches of Cape Cod. He tossed the dark hair back from his forehead, dropped into a chair, and began a tattoo with his fingers upon a table beside him.

"You sent for me, I believe, father?"

"I sent for you, Vane." The words coming from that enforced stillness of manner were like a distant, warning growl, but Vane appeared delightfully unconcerned at all cause for fear in the presence of the old lion. Colonel Vivian came to his feet, and carried his admirably developed light twice the length of the room with the heavy military tread which was a part of himself, decidedly emphasized. He had brought his title out of the Mexican war, where he and served with marked bravery and distinction, but his soldierly bearing emanated from the strict discipline of West Point, long years before. He turned, stopped, and the storm burst in its fullest fury.

"Yes, I sent for you, you dog! By the Lord, but it may be close upon the last time that I shall send for



"Oh, go, go quick! my father is coming! Oh, do go, Owen!"

you, disobedient young scapegrace as you take pains to prove yourself. Do you see this, sirrah, and this, and this? Do you know what they are? Duns coming from all your debts of your contracting after the very handsome allowance I made you with the strict proviso that you were not to go into debt. Look at them! Gambling debts, betting losses, liquor bills, a score that would disgrace the most dissipated rascal and gambler in existence. By the high heavens, you do well to carry it all with a free hand, but we'll see if there's no check to such lavish indulgence."

Vane sat with his head resting back upon the chair, his dark, glowing face in bold relief against the crimson upon the chandelier. He seemed indifferent as if he had the very least concern in all these charges.

"Well?" he said, inquiringly, as the other paused.

"What have you to say for yourself, sir?"

"I? There seems no necessity to say anything. The bills speak for themselves, it appears. You'll see them said, of course."

"Is that all you have to say, father? I promised to join Dare on an angling expedition this afternoon. High time it was off."

Colonel Vivian's righteous indignation was too intense for expression. He stamped across the floor once more, with a great effort swallowed his violence, turning a stern angry face upon his son.

"What is that you have to say, what have I heard he correct. Didn't I warn you against that villain Montrose? And I find you dangle after that girl of his in defiance of my express prohibition, and my denouement telling me of a rather good-looking young fellow's vanity, but the truth nevertheless."

"Your information is eminently correct, sir. Really, you succeeded in arousing my curiosity regarding such a dangerous piece of feminine duplicity, and I had rich coloring as I'd care to see. It was rather a novel and enticing idea, that of having such a superior person fling herself at my devoted head, but I sat propped up in my bed. Tell my little girl for me that she is latest in her father's thoughts. Heaven bless her and you, dearest and truest of friends, will be the last prayer of EDWIN CARTER."

Then Colonel Vivian's thoughts turned to little Lenore, who was poor Ned's dying charge, and he sat drawing fair lines of possibilities through the dim future.

"We never grow too old for castle-building, and Colonel Seymour Vivian set up a fair structure that day, not counting upon the chance of its tumbling in hopelessness and despair, but the too common ending of our *Chateaux d'Espagne*."

CHAPTER V.  
VENETIA.

OWEN DARE had come to Thornhurst at the solicitation of his friend. He was a distant relative of these Vivians, so very distant that it would have been a difficult matter to have traced what degree of kindred blood flowed in his veins and theirs.

He leaned over a side gate opening from the lawn across the long reaches of waving fields and nodding woodlands, all to come down some day to this forty-second cousin, who had been graciously pleased of late to make a favorite of him. He appreciated the value of the favor quite sufficiently to cultivate it, for in the five years since his majority was passed the very small patrimony which came to him had melted by such imperceptible degrees that he himself could not have told how and when the last of it took wing. A very model young man to all outward seeming was Owen Dare. He was not dissipated, he never gambled, he was choice of his language and of his actions as though morality itself were at the base of all he did. One exception perhaps might have been found in those numerous flirtations of which no one could take exception, was the worst of possible mentors to a hot-headed, reckless youth like Vane Vivian.

He swung the gate back as the latter joined him, and closed it after they had passed through.

"Rio Janeiro, June 20th, 1867."

"My dear old friend of younger and happier days, in this my hour of need I turn to you as the one person in the world to whom I can proffer my request, to whom I can intrust a sacred charge."

"I am dying, Seymour, dying alone, with no more kind face to watch me now, with no more kindly hand to close my eyes at last, than of the faithful native who has followed me in all my wanderings, these past ten years. Ah, well, let me not be ungrateful! There are few hearts so true as that of my good Kallig."

"You were kind enough once, when I was so happy as to render you some slight service, to urge upon me that I should stand in need of aid, and I have the return however great, that I should apply first of all to you. The time has come, Seymour, when that long-past promise is sweetest solace to a dying man."

"I shall not need to say anything. The bills speak for themselves, it appears. You'll see them said, of course."

"I have wandered all over the world since that, cutting off all near and dear ties in the time went, and it is years now, since I have even heard of a little Lenore. My heart reproaches me for my neglect. It asking too much of you, my friend, to look after the welfare of my daughter? Will you be to her as the father she has never known?—kindler, nobler, more generous than I have ever been."

"I have little enough to leave her. My sole earthly possessions are my personal effects which shall go to Kallig, the purchase of a few hundred dollars I have managed to put by, some shares in diamond mines here in Brazil that have turned out all expense and loss. I have no more to leave her than I can. It is asking much, but I believe not more than you will cheerfully perform."

"Little Lenore was left nearly fourteen years ago with a couple of hundred dollars, and a fisherman's wife, on the coast of Cape Cod, three miles north of Brewster. I am writing this at weary intervals as I sit propped up in my bed. Tell my little girl for me that she is latest in her father's thoughts. Heaven bless her and you, dearest and truest of friends, will be the last prayer of EDWIN CARTER."

Then Colonel Vivian's thoughts turned to little Lenore, who was poor Ned's dying charge, and he sat drawing fair lines of possibilities through the dim future.

"We never grow too old for castle-building, and Colonel Seymour Vivian set up a fair structure that day, not counting upon the chance of its tumbling in hopelessness and despair, but the too common ending of our *Chateaux d'Espagne*."

CHAPTER V.  
VENETIA.

OWEN DARE had come to Thornhurst at the solicitation of his friend. He was a distant relative of these Vivians, so very distant that it would have been a difficult matter to have traced what degree of kindred blood flowed in his veins and theirs.

He leaned over a side gate opening from the lawn across the long reaches of waving fields and nodding woodlands, all to come down some day to this forty-second cousin, who had been graciously pleased of late to make a favorite of him. He appreciated the value of the favor quite sufficiently to cultivate it, for in the five years since his majority was passed the very small patrimony which came to him had melted by such imperceptible degrees that he himself could not have told how and when the last of it took wing. A very model young man to all outward seeming was Owen Dare. He was not dissipated, he never gambled, he was choice of his language and of his actions as though morality itself were at the base of all he did. One exception perhaps might have been found in those numerous flirtations of which no one could take exception, was the worst of possible mentors to a hot-headed, reckless youth like Vane Vivian.

He swung the gate back as the latter joined him, and closed it after they had passed through.

"I began to think the funny innocents were to go undisturbed to-day," he said, relieving Vane of a part of the tackle he had brought along. "You are late."

"Had a little breeze with the colonel," Vane remarked, composedly. "I expected something of the kind, and the gust wasn't by any means so bad as it might have been. I say, Dare, I came near getting into difficulty regarding the incomparable, black-eyed Montrose."

"Ah?" Dare was noncommittal and apparently uninterested there.

"I'm not aware that I should object in the least. Nothing but that necessity ever drove me to put my head in that noose, as you very well know, not so far but it may be gracefully withdrawn, I'm thankful to recollect. I couldn't see my way clear by any other means when I fell in with Miss Ferguson's rather evident expectations. The colonel's very generous offer has changed the phase of affairs since that. This prospect of doing the continent as traveling companion and useful attendant upon your august self gives me two whole years of grace yet, and who knows but the chance of a fortune with the favor of old nobility about it which may cost less dearly than Miss Ferguson's meager eighty thousand in hand."

"Colonel Montrose was very good, but I have been driven to it by keen necessity, as he expressed himself to Vane, and that eighty thousand in hand had presented itself as a last alternative."

Some other allied thought crossed his mind, and as Dare all his life had catered to his own fastidious habit, he had shrunk back from a final proposal. He had passed over a half-dozen capital opportunities, fairly ringing away from the last when Vane Vivian cut his sojourn short on the New England coast, asking him along to Thornhurst. And at Thornhurst another opportunity had been offered. He had engaged himself on the spot when Colonel Vivian offered him a situation as traveling companion to his son. It was a sacrifice of course, but Miss Ferguson was two times older than himself, a trifle grayer, and with the temper of a shrew, while the eighty thousand would be quite as safe and possibly as desirable after the trip as a hundred thousand to him.

Then into the complacent stream where he was drifting swept the fierce, strong current of the passion which changed the story of the man to one of living fire. He met Venetia Montrose! What now was the weighty argument of that eighty thousand and dollars, what the bonds of restraining honor, what the well-based expectations of Miss Augusta Ferguson and the host of mutual friends? Nothing! better than nothing; something to be swept aside by the force of his resistless will.

Vane lifted himself from a reclining posture under the skirting of his dress, still with that absorbed expression upon his face, crossed the lawn.

"Prepare to meet thy doom, oh, thou of brittle faith! Buckle on thy armor and gird thyself for the fight. The war-horse scents the battle from afar—what premonition hast thou, oh, valiant knight?"

The other stopped, annoyed, as though some thought of his own had betrayed itself.

"What gibbering nonsense possesses you now, Vivian? I'm sorry as a fished bear, confoundedly sorry, to hear you utter such nonsense. In the language of Captain Cuttle, just 'sheer off,' will you, till I induct myself into fresh clothes and get a mouthful of something to refresh the inner man. Trouting in August is a humbug, and your example more wise than I gave you credit for."

"Thanks, my Pythias. It would be an ill-return for such generous appreciation of my lunatic self to leave you an appetite unimpaired with a banquet of sword swaying over your head. That may be mixing similes, but the fact is that the Fergusons come on tomorrow, per telegram one hour and fifteen minutes ago. An addition to the party, a Mr. Sholto Norton Hayes, may be expected along, and a letter from Hilton in the mail bids him the new string to the fair Augusta's bow. Look out for your laurels, Dare, is all the advice I have to offer."

"August trouting may be a humbug," mused Vane, lapsing back to his former attitude, and watching the other pass with half-shut, lazy eyes. "But I'm mistaken if your August recreation, my dear fellow, isn't a more dainty species of angling. It's no concern of mine to interfere, however, in spite of the colonel's nervousness."

but could never love. I am going away, within another month, to be absent two long years. Venetia, can you refuse me the happiness I have pleaded for, for the brief time left us?"

The great, soft dark eyes were fixed steadily upon his face, so tenderly that Dare's own tender ones—tender eyes they had been before this—wavered and were averted for the moment, but she did not answer in words.

"Confound the innocence that will take no meaning but the straight one, bounded by a wedding-ring, out of such impassioned love-making as mine has been," he thought. "But I love the bright siren all the more for it. I've never been thwarted in my life and I don't expect to be now, by a woman. Mine she must be, mine she shall be, by fair means if I can't get her by foul. But who would have expected so much prudence in that glowing type of tropical exuberance?"

Dare, whose cold heart had never throbbed out of time even in the heat of his most vivid flirtations, was desperately in earnest now. So desperately in earnest that he was willing to put all his future at stake for the sake of these coming weeks.

His eyes met hers again, pleading, eager, drawing an answering light from her very soul.

"Can you hesitate to choose between us, Venetia—your father and me? He would sell you like a slave to the highest bidder. He has set his mark high; he aspires to Thornhurst and the hand of its heir. If he falls there he will not lack other opportunities, held in reserve. Which will you be, Venetia—another man's slave, or my loved and loving wife?"

A richer glow swept into the rare dark face as she clasped her soft, thrilling hands upon his arm.

"Can you ask, Owen—can you doubt? Yours, yours before all the world beside. But not now, Owen—'biverting again, but not through any lack of trust in him—I would not dare to brave my father's anger now while his hopes are so firmly fixed."

He leaned forward and kissed her, and with that kiss put the seal of his possession upon this "rare and radiant" creature who had enthralled him.

"You need not, my own. You need not openly defy him until the time comes when I can openly claim and properly care for you. You know just how meager a lot mine promises to be, and you are willing to brave that for my sake, you who have been from your childhood impressed with the one aim—to marry rich."

"If you could know how I have hated the thought," she interrupted him, passionately. "If you could know how I have loathed myself, how I have felt myself debased by having that one aim kept alive before me! You never will know, Owen, but you must, you shall know what glory I take in trampling over the unworthy to be to you."

Why, I have gained new respect for myself in knowing you to be so poor a man."

And you will not deny me now, Venetia? You will be my wife now—at once? Think of these long two years! How can I endure to face all that time living away from the power of man might avail to part us. Marry me in secret, if you prefer it so—now, to-night. There is a train from the station here, at half-past nine; we can take that to the town, ten miles off the line, go to a clergyman there, return at midnight, and no one need be the wiser. Will you—to-night—my own?"

"Owen, so soon! And I cannot. Oh, go, go quick! my father is coming. Oh, do go, Owen!"

She pushed him from her in her right, but he caught her hands, holding them firmly.

"Will you, Venetia, to-night? Promise or I shall stay here and face him."

"To-morrow night, then; I would be missed to-night. Go now, before he turns this way."

With a close pressure of her hands in his, one kiss upon her lips, he released her and was gone in a second moment.

"I would move heaven and earth rather than lose her now," he thought, taking long strides through the fragrant cedarwood. Owen Dare would have moved heaven and earth to his own destruction in accomplishing any aim on which he might set his selfish heart.

His mind was stirred by some other element than the thought of his own bliss and the distance of Thornhurst. He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.

He had won, but he had counted on that! He had won the radiant creature who had fired his slow blood in two short weeks as it had never been fired before, and sortered the various selfishness of his entire life to the winds. And, having won, the difficulty of his own position obtruded itself, but he did not heed it. He had won, and he intended to hold it, a little regretfully, up to this time, but he had won it, and he intended to hold it.







street to the house of the celebrated brothers Bottarna.

He soon saw it, a handsome edifice, of that beautiful ornamental brick-work of which the Italians of the fifteenth century were such masters, in the severe Italian gothic style. Over the deep doorway were the immense crossed swords, and above them a great gilt pistle and mortar, with the name BOT-  
TARMA FRATELLI in large gold letters be-  
neath.

The tired man slowly and stiffly swung him-  
self from his jaded mule, which he fastened to  
a stone hitching-post outside. Then he  
dragged himself rather than walked to the  
door, and beat on it with the pommel of the  
rapier he wore.

Having struck three blows, he was fain to  
sink down on the stone seat by the side of the  
deep porch, and cough hard, spitting blood as  
he did so.

Presently the door opened; and a stout,  
medium-sized man, with a square, good-hu-  
mored face, short black beard, eye of remark-  
able keenness, and a general appearance of  
vigorous health and strength, stood looking at  
the shabby stranger, who was bent double on  
the seat, coughing with a deep, cavernous  
sound. The black-bearded man was in his  
shirt-sleeves, and the bare arms he showed  
were masses of corded muscle. He glanced  
keenly at his visitor, then at the mule, and  
turned his head inside the house.

"Ho! brother!" he shouted, in a stentorian  
voice; "come down. Thou'rt wanted!"

The shabby stranger raised his head.

"I want both of you," he said, in a low,  
hoarse voice; "him first and you afterward, if  
you are Nicola Bottarna."

"I am Nicola Bottarna," said the black-  
bearded man, kindly; "but my brother will  
have to take care of you for long before I can  
have anything to do with you. Here he is  
now. Brother, here is a sick man. Shall I  
carry him in?"

A much taller man, slender and intellectual  
looking, but very like Nicola, although his face  
was clean-shaven, came out and eyed the  
stranger keenly for a few moments. Then he  
felt his pulse, and looked at the jaded mule.

"How far have you come to-day?" he  
asked, abruptly.

"From Leghorn," said the stranger, faintly.

"Where are you hurt?" asked the leech.

"Here, and here," responded the other,  
pointing with his left hand to his right breast  
and shoulder.

"Carry him in, 'Cola," said Giuseppe Bot-  
tarna, briefly.

The fencing-master picked up this man of  
six foot three in his arms, as if he had been  
an infant, and carried him into the house.  
Giuseppe went out, untied the mule, gave him  
a kick and said:

"Go home where you belong. I know you  
well enough."

The animal trotted off down the street to a  
sort of lively stable that was there. Bot-  
tarna recognized him as belonging there, and  
knew he was safe.

Then this eccentric specimen of medieval  
doctor re-entered the house, slammed the door  
and entered a large room, where he found  
Nicola, or 'Cola, as he was called for short,  
standing over the shabby stranger, who lay on  
a couch. Giuseppe advanced and before he  
uttered a word, he addressed the other's wounds  
and examined them. They proved to be a  
puncture in the right shoulder, some three  
inches deep, and three-cornered in shape, and  
a second wound in the right breast near the  
shoulder, going clear through to the back.  
Both wounds were very foul and feverish.

"You must go to bed," said Giuseppe.

"Your wounds are healthy enough, but you've  
fevered them to-day. You must have the  
strength of a bull to have come from Leghorn  
with these pains on you."

"Stop!" said the stranger; "how long will  
it be before I am strong again?"

"Your wounds will heal in two months,"  
said the leech. "After that, 'Cola must take  
you in hand. He does the training."

The stranger suddenly rose up to his full  
height before them. He was of vast frame, and  
must have been very strong when in health.  
His sunken blue eyes burned with a fierce,  
feverish glitter, and his matted hair and beard  
were both of a dull, dusty gray.

"See here," he said; "you see this ring. It  
is all I have in the world now. It is a dia-  
mond, as you see, and it is worth at least ten  
thousand crowns. I will give you that if you  
will cure me, and teach me how to handle the  
sword so as to beat you, 'Cola Bottarna."

"Cola took the ring and examined it admir-  
ingly.

"You are too modest, signor," he said;  
"this ring is worth at least thirty thousand  
scudi. We can not rob you like that. We  
will sell it for you if you wish, and keep ten  
thousand scudi, but we do not ask so much.  
My brother can cure you, and I can teach you  
to fence. But it only rests with yourself to  
beat me. I can not supply you with brains  
and activity. The best pupil I ever had was  
Don Lorenzo Bellario. He could beat all the  
others, but I could not teach him to beat me.  
He had not patience to study."

The stranger caught at the sound of the last  
name with great eagerness.

"Tell me one thing," he said, with great  
eagerness; "if I am patient and untiring, never  
resting from thought day or night, practicing  
constantly with you, obeying all your in-  
structions, can you promise me that I shall beat  
him—Bellario?"

He ground out the last word through his  
teeth in such a fury as set him to coughing  
again. Giuseppe Bottarna made him sit down,  
and 'Cola answered the question of his eyes.

"Certainly I can," he said, confidently; "you  
have reach and strength, when you are well.  
What you want is quickness. I can give you  
that in three or four months. Bellario will never  
make what I call a perfect fencer. He plays  
his point too wildly. To cure him, you must  
learn the stop-thrust. That done, you can  
laugh at him."

"And will you do this?" asked the stranger,  
eagerly.

"I will," said 'Cola; "what is your name?"

"Sell the diamond," was the stranger's an-  
swer, as he sunk back, exhausted; "my name  
is Schiavo d'Amore."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 260.)

JOY descends gently upon us like the even-  
ing dew, and does not patter down like a hail-  
storm.—Richter.

Some men's reputation seems like seed-  
weed, which thrives best when brought from  
a distance.—Whately.

How much easier it is to be generous than  
just. Men are sometimes bountiful who are  
not honest.—Junius.

We do not judge men by what they are in  
themselves, but by what they are relatively to  
us.—Madame Swetchine.

The Slave of Love. Italian.

## "REFLECTIONS."

BY "ORAPE MYRTLE."

My soul is stirred by some commotion,  
As memory turns with small emotion  
To the past.  
To see the thousand petty sorrows,  
Youth without compunction borrows,  
Dead at last.

Poor human heart! how oft thou'lt languish,  
Whilst the soul grew dark with anguish,  
O'er a trifle!  
For some wish perchance ungranted,  
Or a vision disenchanted;  
Such is life.

Idle dreams, ambitious lusts,  
In life's web and woof doth cluster,  
But to cheat.  
Golden fancies none too humble,  
Young minds rear doth often crumble  
At the feet.

The fondest ties I've had to sever,  
And seen hope's glories fade forever  
From my sight.  
And watched the wine-fed purple dawn,  
Of ambition's lustre morning  
Fade to night.

Yet my soul is not encumbered  
By the ghost of memories numbered  
With the dead.  
As lightning through the storm-cloud flashes,  
Rays from out their scattered ashes;  
Spring instead.

And the beacon peace is burning,  
In that old resistless yearning,  
For life's dress.  
And thus I know the hand ne'er closes  
Over soft and thornless roses  
In life's cross.

## False Faces:

OR,  
THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO  
DEATH," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S  
CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

CHAPTER XXII.

A PRESENTIMENT OF DANGER.

KATE VEHLAGE came into the room, with  
her basket of provisions on her arm, for she  
was the caterer for the small family in the  
tenement house.

Etta, who had just spread a snowy white  
cloth over the table, preparatory to the even-  
ing meal, knew by the sound of the closing  
door that something was the matter with Kate,  
and so she turned around to look at her.

Kate's face was flushed, and her sharp, black  
eyes were glistening angrily.

"Well, what has put you in a pet now?"  
asked Etta, composedly.

These ebullitions of temper on the part of  
Kate never discomfited her. She was too  
much accustomed to the outbreaks of that  
vivacious young female.

"The contemptible sneak!" cried Kate, put-  
ting her basket down, with a thump, on the  
side-table. "I've seen him again!"

"He—who?"

"That man with the false face; don't you  
remember the night I was going for the medi-  
cine for Mr. Shaw?" She sunk her voice sud-  
denly here, and glanced at the door of com-  
munication between the apartments. "Is he  
in there?" she added, in a hoarse whisper.

"No," he went out, and has not yet returned.  
How about this man? Where did you meet  
him?"

"Right here, at the door.

"Our door?"

"No, the street door. I was coming home  
with the things for tea, and there he stood at  
the door, with a smirk on his face, a face just  
like a terrier dog's. 'I believe you are Miss  
Vehlage,' says he. 'That's my name,' says I,  
never letting on that I remembered him, 'and  
I am not ashamed of it.' 'Couldn't I sell you  
a sewing machine,' says he, 'on the easiest  
terms, and a guarantee of steady work until  
it's paid for.' 'No,' says I, as short as you  
please. But he's one of those chaps that won't  
take no for an answer. 'There's two of you,'  
he goes on, 'to run it, Miss Ward and your-  
self.' 'How did you know there was a Miss  
Ward here?' says I. 'Lord! you need not get  
huffy about it,' says he, showing his teeth, and  
grinning like a pleased monkey. 'There's no  
secret about it, is there, that you and Miss  
Ward—Miss Henrietta Ward—are living to-  
gether, and doing sewing for your living?'  
'How do you know that?' says I, snapping him  
up again. 'Why the butcher says so, that's  
all,' says he. 'I hope there's no offense  
in my mentioning it. Come, try one of my  
machines. I'll send you one around this  
evening, if you say so.' Then I told him it  
was none of his business if Miss Henrietta  
Ward was living with me; that we didn't want  
a sewing machine any way, and that we would  
not buy one of him if we did, and left him  
standing there and came up stairs."

"You did not say anything to him about  
Mr. Shaw?" inquired Etta, anxiously.

"Oh, no; you told me never to mention his  
name to anybody, and I don't."

"That's right."

"What do you suppose this chap wanted?"

"He wanted to sell you a sewing machine.  
Didn't he say so?"

"Yes, of course; but I think that was all  
fudge."

"Judge?"

"Yes; that was only a pretext to hide his  
game."

Etta looked surprised.

"Game?" she repeated. "Do you think  
this man had any design against us?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I do think!" re-  
plied Kate, emphatically.

"But what possible design could this man  
have against us?" asked Etta.

"I don't know; but I do know that he is up  
to something. He's not sneaking round here  
for nothing."

"Are you positive that he was the same  
man from whose face you pulled the mask that  
night?"

"I'll take my oath of it! You know I told  
you I should know his face if I ever saw it  
again."

"It must have made a strong impression,  
upon you," cried Etta, laughing.

"It did; he was so awful homely. Now  
what do you suppose he is poking round here  
after?"

"I am sure I can not say."

"No good, I'll bet."

"Perhaps not; and yet I cannot see what  
possible harm he can do us. Do you?"

Kate deliberated over this question for a  
moment.

"Well, no," she replied. "If he dares to  
come up here I'll take the poker or the broom  
to him. It may be that he had seen you in  
the street and is smitten. There would be  
nothing strange in that. Your face fetches

these fellows every time. Not that he's par-  
ticularly young—somewhere near forty I  
should think. But there's no chance for him."

"Do you think so?" asked Etta, smiling at  
the owl-like gravity with which Kate pre-  
nounced these words.

The question appeared to surprise Kate some-  
what.

"Of course not!" she answered. "Why, I  
wouldn't take him myself, and I'm not so par-  
ticular as you are. It's no use for him to come  
around here, and he'll soon find it out."

"I do not think he will trouble us after  
what you said to him," rejoined Etta.

"If he's got any sense he won't. But some  
men are such awful fools, particularly when  
they are in love, you can never tell what they  
will do! Would you say anything to Mr.  
Shaw about this?"

"No; why should we? I do not consider  
the matter of sufficient consequence."

"Well, you know best. Now I'll help you  
get the supper ready for him."

Peter Shaw soon arrived. He was in very  
good spirits. He had just come from his office  
where he had held a consultation with Frank  
Ray, the detective, who had been introduced  
to him by Chester Starke.

He had been much pleased with the detec-  
tive. He liked his looks, and his manner of  
expressing himself. He thought him a stout  
young fellow, with a keen wit, and great en-  
ergy of action. A man who might be depend-  
ed upon in the most trying emergency.

He looked upon him as a valuable aid in his  
design against the False Faces; and then there  
was Chester Starke, equally strong in limb  
and just as reliable, and shrewd Ossian Plum-  
mer, the best friend he had ever had.

The destruction of Edgar Skelmersdale and  
his villainous associates seemed inevitable.

Peter Shaw rubbed his hands pleasantly to-  
gether as he sat at the supper-table, and Kate  
passed him his cup of tea.

"Ah! what a comfort it is to see two young  
and smiling faces about me!" he cried, never  
considering that their smiles were but the re-  
flection of his own, for they found his geniality  
infectious. "Well, dear girls, we shall soon  
leave this house for more comfortable quar-  
ters. I don't know why I should say that  
either, for I have really enjoyed an astonish-  
ing degree of comfort here. What I mean to  
say is, that we shall leave it for a more re-  
spectable and cleaner neighborhood. My friend  
Ossian has secured a house for us."

"Ossian!" exclaimed Kate. "That's a queer  
name."

Peter Shaw chuckled pleasantly.

"Yes, and it's a queer name that bears it," he  
replied. "He's an old friend of mine, and a  
tried and trusted one. You'll soon see him,  
and I want you to like him for my sake."

"We may like him for his own," returned  
Kate. "Is he young and good-looking?"

"Neither. He's of middle age and very  
plain."

"Oh!" ejaculated Kate, disappointedly.

"I thought I should get up a match between  
you and him," continued Peter Shaw, his eyes  
twinkling mischievously.

Kate sniffed the air disdainfully.

"Thank you," she rejoined; "but I may not  
like his style."

"He's very rich," said Shaw, artfully.

"Hum!" cried Kate, with quite a change of  
tone. "I should like to see Mr. Ossian."

"Ossian Plummer—Ossian is his first name,"  
Peter Shaw stirred the contents of his tea-cup  
and glanced at Etta's placid face. He was  
brimful of his fun that evening. "And then  
there's my other friend, and partner, I've pick-  
ed him out for Etta," he continued.

"For me?" asked Etta, opening her large  
blue eyes widely in surprise.

"Oh!" exclaimed Kate. "He's going to fix  
us both! Why, he's just like a father to us."

Peter Shaw smiled benignantly.

"That's just what I intend to be," he an-  
swered. "You'll never know the want of a  
father while I live."

Etta returned his smile affectionately. Her  
heart had fully determined the relationship be-  
tween them. But Kate's curiosity was great-  
ly exercised by the mention of the other friend  
and partner.

"What's he like?" she cried, in her vivacious  
manner. "Is he middle-aged, too, and homely,  
and rich, and what's his name?"

Peter Shaw laughed at this string of ques-  
tions.

"How curious you are!" he rejoined.

"Not a bit! only I'd like to know."

"You shall. His name is Chester Starke;  
he's from Vermont, as tall and as straight as  
a pine tree, and young and good-looking."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Kate. "Why didn't  
you pick him out for me! He's just my style!"

"I thought he was better suited for Etta.  
You are dark complexioned and so is he. Two  
dark skins do go well together, don't you  
see? It doesn't answer to have a husband and  
wife look too much alike."

"Oh! doesn't it?" responded Kate, dubious-  
ly. "Is he rich?" she added, suddenly.

"No."

"Then he can't have Etta—that's settled.  
No one but a rich man can marry her. That  
face of hers is worth something."

"Oh! you've settled that between you, have  
you?"

Etta smiled, and answered:

"No, she has settled it for me. That's  
Kate's great idea, that my face is to make my  
fortune."

"And so it will," returned Peter Shaw;  
"though not perhaps in the way that she im-  
agines. However, that would not have been  
any very strong objection against Chester  
Starke, as he will undoubtedly be a rich man  
in the course of a few years. His interest in  
the business will make him so."

"And what will it make you?" asked Kate,  
slyly.

"Well, I shall have enough to live on com-  
fortably."

"I should say so. I only wish I had the  
quarter of it."

"Take Ossian Plummer then," he suggested,  
roguishly. "He's worth more than a quar-  
ter."

"Oh! let her have the other one," cried  
Etta, entering more into the spirit of the jest  
than Kate did. "At all events, give him the  
chance to choose between us."

"That's fair," said Peter Shaw.

Kate tossed her head.

"Oh, is it?" she exclaimed. "What kind  
of a chance would I stand alongside of her?  
But that's just like her! She never thinks  
of herself. She'd let anybody crowd her one  
side sooner than make any fuss about it."

"Ah, yes, I have known such a disposition  
before," answered Peter Shaw, and there was  
a plaintive cadence in his voice. "Well, well,  
as Etta says, let Chester Starke decide for  
himself. You will soon see him. Ossian has  
rented a furnished cottage for me on Eighth  
street—a cosy little house, with a nice large  
yard in front, with trees, shrubbery and a  
grape-vine. Then it is only a short walk from  
the Central Park, so that one can take a pleas-

ant stroll there of an afternoon. It is quiet  
and secluded there, and we shall not be dis-  
turbed I think. There will not be any one  
left in the city to trouble us if my plans only  
work right; and I think they will—I think  
they will."

He leaned back in his chair, and  
rubbed his hands together pleasantly. "We  
shall all be gathered together under one roof-  
tree then," he continued, "and you young peo-  
ple will have an opportunity to get acquaint-  
ed."

"Won't that be nice?" exclaimed Kate.

"Yes; I think we shall all be very happy  
there," said Etta. "When shall we go?"

"In two or three days," answered Peter  
Shaw. "I cannot fix the time exactly now.  
There is something that I wish to do first.  
Matters are in good train and the affair will  
be speedily settled, I hope. You can content  
yourselves here for a few days longer?"

"I should say so," replied Kate, "consider-  
ing how long we have lived here. But I shall  
not be sorry to leave this house, shall you,  
Etta?"

"Indeed I shall not; but I will do whatever  
Mr. Shaw thinks to be best."

"Of course; so will I."

Peter Shaw smiled.

"What docile young ladies you are," he  
said. "You place great trust in me, and yet  
I am almost a stranger to you."

"It seems as if I had known you for a long  
time," answered Etta.

"So it does to me!" followed Kate.

Peter Shaw smiled again, saying:

"Well, girls, your trust in me will meet  
with a rich reward; you'll never be sorry for it."

"I am sure we shall not," responded Etta,  
earnestly.

A strong longing arose in Peter Shaw's  
heart to clasp her in a fond embrace, and own  
her then and there, but he restrained that feel-  
ing. He was too old in the world's experience  
not to know that the course of human events  
can never be forecast, that the best laid plans  
often prove futile, and that a simple accident  
will often mar the most skillfully contrived  
scheme.

"No, no," he told himself, "I will wait.  
Her life is too precious to me to be subject-  
ed to the slightest risk. Let me clear these  
villains from my path, and then I can dispense  
with all concealment."

Having drunk his tea, Peter Shaw pushed  
his chair back from the table, and arose to his  
feet.

"I am going into my room to read the ev-  
ening paper," he said. "Then I am going out,  
and I shall not return much before midnight,  
so you had better not sit up for me. I shall  
take the key of my door with me, so as not to  
disturb you."

"Is it safe?" asked Etta, earnestly.

"Oh, yes; don't be under any alarm. I  
shall be with two friends, who are to meet me by  
appointment. I shall be perfectly safe, and  
so will you, for I shall have this house watch-  
ed during my absence."

The fact was that, trusting to his disguise,  
he had resolved to aid Chester Starke and the  
detective in their search that night for the  
house that contained the council chamber of  
the False Faces.

Their design was to watch the entire block  
from corner to corner and observe if any of  
the parties they suspected entered either house  
in the row.

On leaving the house Peter Shaw walked  
to the Bowery and took passage on a horse-  
car to Eightieth street. Ossian Plummer  
was already domiciled there, and he had  
thought it best to go for Chester and pass an  
hour or so there, as they did not purpose com-  
mencing their watch until about ten o'clock at  
night.

Frank Ray, the detective, was to be left to  
his own discretion, and they were to meet him  
in front of the row of tenement-houses during  
the night.

He found Chester and Ossian in the cosy  
front basement reading, while they awaited  
his coming.

"This is nice," he said, glancing around the  
well-furnished apartment. "This selection  
does credit to your taste, Ossian. The girls  
will be delighted when I bring them here."

"I wish they were here now," rejoined  
Ossian.

"Oh! you are anxious to see the lively  
Kate, are







## THE CAPTIVE'S PLEA.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Cast aside these rusty fetters  
Which long years have rudely bound me;  
I can bear their weight no longer,  
Nor these dismal walls around me.

Give me air, not moldy vapors,  
If my wrecked life I must sustain;  
Let not my days be slowly wasted  
Beneath the power these walls maintain.

How it haunts me, how I startle!  
At the bell's deep midnight tolling,  
Yester night while sleeping, dreaming,  
As the hours so swift were rolling.

Yester night on couch laid lowly,  
As the night grew stiller, stiller,  
When it tolled the hour of midnight  
Seemed to shake each chained pillar.

Seemed to shake each bar of iron  
Of yonder massive prison door,  
And a spirit whispered, "Freedom,  
For freedom I had hoped no more."

Oh, that word it so enthralled me,  
And set my sluggish blood on fire,  
Armed with a thousand weapons  
From fate's abyss uprose mine ire.

And methought I fought for freedom,  
Shedding blood of each oppressor;  
Till at last in realm all beautiful,  
I of freedom was possessor.

And the glorious sun, I hailed it  
As erst in childhood's anxious glee,  
And each ray a blessing showered  
Upon my head, for I was free.

I was free, as mountain streamlets  
That wind their way and purring fall,  
Free, as highest soaring eagles,  
In freedom I rejoiced with all.

In the dust this chain I trampled,  
Then bidding every link decay,  
And an amen, whispered softly,  
Ere I in gladness turned away.

While exultant in my triumph  
I defied the law's high power,  
Oh, how painful from the turret  
Pealed the morn's awakening hour.

And my dream was turned to ashes,  
Left, was not a gleaming ember;  
Drear and chill my cell I found it,  
As are nights in cold December.

And I trembling gasped and shuddered  
At the drear clanking of my chain,  
As its rusty tongue spoke hoarsely,  
Saying, "Dream-born hopes are vain."

Was this dream an evil omen,  
Come thus to taunt me ere I die?  
Showing me the sweetest freedom,  
For which no one has pined as I.

If in vain I am imploring,  
Still my weak words have had their vent;  
If my chains cannot be broken,  
I wait a higher power intent.

## The Rival Brothers.

OR,  
THE WRONGED WIFE'S HATE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,  
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL  
MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE END OF THE FETE.

PROFESSOR CLAUDE D'ARVILLE stood leaning against the trunk of a giant pine, whose long arms cast giant shadows on the sunny sward, watching with dreamy, half-closed eyes the picture before him. He looked like an artist, this dark-eyed, thoughtful-browed, classical-featured young Canadian, and he looked what he was—an artist heart and soul. It was a study for an artist, too—the scene on which he gazed—and in after years that very scene, immortalized on canvas and exhibited at the Academy of Art, in London, was one of the first of his paintings to win him fame. The cloudless summer sky over his head, fleeced with billows of downy white, and away in the West, where the sun was sinking, an oriflamme of purple, gold and crimson, the whole western horizon radiant with rosy light. The pines, the tamaracs, and maples reared their tall heads against it; its vivid glory of coloring glittered on their green leaves, as their branches rustled softly in the light breeze, and cast long cool shadows on the grass. The twittering of the not very sweet-voiced but gaudy-colored Canadian birds, the plashing of a fountain near, the crisp chirping of the grasshoppers at his feet, made an undercurrent of melody of their own, audible even above the crashing of the brass-band, and the shouting and vociferous talking and laughing of the emancipated schoolgirls. The pine-tree beside which he stood was an eminence commanding a view of the whole grounds, with its glens and walks, and summer-houses, and cascades, and parterres, and broad lawns, and sloping glades. Up and down these shaded walks the white muslin skirts and blue ribbons of the *pensionnaires* fluttered beside the black dresses of Louis Schaffer's fellow-students from one of the Montreal colleges. Kate Schaffer had said there would be half a dozen gentlemen at the *fete*; had she said two dozen, she would have been nearer the mark; but, not being a prophetess, how was she to tell her irrepressible brother intended inviting half his classmates?

On the lawn, some were dancing; among the trees, some were swinging; groups were seated together on the grass having sociable chats; white muslin and black coats turning and twisting everywhere; and the band under the tamaracs still playing "Vive la Canadienne!"

Professor D'Arville saw all this, and something else too. Three of those white-muslin angels were coming toward him. One, a plump little damsel, with cheeks like scarlet rose-berries, brown eyes, brown braids, and azure ribbons; one, a gipsy-faced, dashing young, brunette daughter of the land, and queen of the *fete*; and the third, who walked in the center, swinging her straw hat by its rosy ribbons, her black curls entwined with crimson geranium-blossoms and deep-green leaves.

Ah, Professor D'Arville! artist and beauty-worshiper, is there anything in all you see before you as fair as she? No Canadian, though her eyes are like black stars, and those ringlets of jetty darkness, that delicate complexion and bright bloom of color belong to another land. Look as long as you please on the beauty of sky and earth, or tree and flowers, it is not half so dangerous as one glance at that noble and lovely head.

"Vive la Canadienne! et ses beaux yeux, Et ses beaux yeux tous doux, Et ses beaux yeux,"

hummed a voice behind him; and turning his lazy glance, Monsieur D'Arville saw Paul Schaffer lounging up, looking at the three girls, too.

He touched his hat, with a meaning smile, to the young artist.

"I need not ask if monsieur is enjoying himself. I see that he is."

"Yes, monsieur; solitude is enjoyment sometimes."

"Pardon, that I have broken it; but it was likely to be broken anyway, in a pleasant manner, perhaps. See! The three belles of the *fete* are coming toward you."

"They are going to the house, I presume; for they have not even seen me yet."

"Monsieur's modesty! He does not need to be told he is a favorite with the ladies!"

Professor D'Arville fixed his eyes in a steady stare on Mr. Schaffer's face, in a way that would have discomposed any other man, but did not in the least disturb the bland equanimity of the young gentleman before him.

"A deuced pretty girl, that Miss Eve Hazelwood! Don't you think so, monsieur? One of your pupils, too, no doubt. What an enviable fate is yours!"

The brow of the young professor contracted slightly; but his only answer was silence, cold and haughty.

"They call her La Princesse in the school," went on easy Mr. Schaffer, "and, by Jove, she looks it! Talk about the *beaux yeux* of our Canadian girls! I never saw such a pair of eyes in my life as mademoiselle has!"

"Is monsieur in love?" Professor D'Arville asked, with a slight smile and French shrug.

"I would be, if I dared; but one might as well fall in love with the moon, if all I have heard of her be true. I like flesh and blood, not statues. One live woman is worth a thousand marble ones."

Professor D'Arville made a gesture toward Hazel, who was laughing at something until her cheeks were crimson.

"If monsieur likes flesh and blood, he has it there. The future Madame Schaffer—is it not?"

"Will you have a cigar, monsieur?" was Paul Schaffer's answer. "No! Then, with your permission, I will."

"Why, here's Paul!" called out Kate, catching sight of the two gentlemen. "I say, Paul, Louis told me to tell you—"

What Louis had told her to tell, Mr. Paul Schaffer was not destined to hear; for, just then, there was a tremendous shout, and Louis himself came bustling through the trees, his hair flying, his face flushed—altogether, in a state of frenzied excitement.

"This way—this way, all of you! Here's a lot more of the crowd, and we'll have our fortunes told together!"

"Mon Dieu! has that madhead gone crazy?" was Kate's cry, while the rest stared.

"Gone crazy! Catch me at it! Here, you old Meg Morrises, or whatever they call you, come this way! Here's another batch that want you to space their fortunes."

Half a dozen girls and as many young men, with a vast deal of noise and tumult, and in their midst an outlandish-looking figure. It was an old woman, bent, and leaning on a stick; her brown, shriveled face and small, bright eyes peering from beneath a huge bonnet; a dingy blue cloak wrapped about her, and beneath it a scant red dress hardly reaching to her ankle. A more uncouth or witch-like figure no one there had ever seen; and Louis, catching her by the arm, drew her forward, and presented her with a flourishing bow.

"One of Macbeth's witches, ladies and gentlemen, come from Hades by the last express-train, to tell your fortunes! She has told all of ours, and made fifteen shillings by the performance; and now, if you have any spare change about you, she is willing to lift the veil of the future for you. Eve, hold out your hand, and let us hear what the future has in store for you besides a coffin!"

"No!" said Eve, shrinking back. "Let Kate and Hazel try, if they wish; I had rather not."

The old woman, whose eyes had been darting from one face to another, turned them, at the sound of her voice, on Eve, and to the surprise of every one, broke out into a shrill and irrepressible cry. It was not a cry of astonishment; it was more like triumph, repressed almost instantly; but her eyes gleamed with a strange fire, and the dirty, skinny hand she held out trembled with eagerness.

"Yes, yes, yes, my pretty lady!" she exclaimed, shrilly; "let me tell your fortune! Don't be afraid, my dearie; the future can have nothing but good in it for one so beautiful as you."

Her first cry had been repressed so quickly that it had passed almost unnoticed, save by one, who bent his brows and watched the beladame keenly.

Eve shrunk further away.

"No; don't trouble yourself about my future. I dare say, I will know it soon enough."

"Oh, botheration!" broke out Louis; "don't be such a guy, Eve! Let the old girl tell your fortune. She does it strong, I tell you!"

"No," said Eve, resolutely turning away. "I shall not tempt the future, even in jest. Besides"—half laughing—"I have no money, and the oracle is a golden glutton, and will not speak unless bribed."

A storm of wordy abuse fell unheeded on Eve's ear as she turned away; and, lifting her eyes, she caught Professor D'Arville's penetrating glance fixed upon her.

"So you have no faith in destiny?"

"I do not believe in fortune-telling, if that is what you mean; and I believe it is wrong to encourage any one to make a living by any such means."

The professor smiled, and the smile lit up his dark, crole face with a rare beauty.

"Wisdom from the lips of sixteen! You see, I know your age, mademoiselle. I knew beforehand you had considerable moral courage, but I did not know it was quite so strong."

"Monsieur pays me a compliment," Eve said, her heart fluttering a little. "I assure you, I can be obstinate enough when I please! Are you going up to the house?"

"If mademoiselle will permit me to accompany her."

Eve bowed, and Professor D'Arville offered his arm. A dark and sinister glance followed them; and Louis Schaffer touched Hazel on the arm, with a slight and contemptuous laugh.

"See, Hazel! One would think they had known each other from their cradles. Paul and Virginia, eh?"

"They make a very nice couple, I think. How do you like Eve?"

Mr. Schaffer raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, so-so. A pretty girl with black eyes, but nothing to set the St. Lawrence on fire. She is a sort of second Minerva, is she not? In making her, they forgot to add that trifling item, a heart."

"Nonsense, Paul!" But Hazel's face was radiant *malgré cela*. "I won't have you talk so of my handsome cousin Eve!"

"My dear, I beg your pardon. You asked my opinion, and you have it."

"But every one admires her."

"And so do I, immensely—as I admire sculptured Dianas and Niobes. But as to falling in love with anything so celestially cold—bah!"

"Oh, Paul!"—and Hazel's hands clasped his arm, and Hazel's beaming face was uplifted in ecstasy—"I am glad; I am so glad! Do you know I was awfully afraid you would never think of me after you saw Eve!"

"You're a little simpleton, Hazel. Do you know that? And, to punish you, I have a good mind not to tell you something that I think would please you."

"What is it, Paul?"

"Come up to the house; I don't want all these gaping girls to hear. It is this: the regiment are ordered off somewhere, and, before they go, give a grand ball. Will you come?"

"Oh, Hazel, I can't!"

"Well, Paul—"

"I wouldn't—laughing and blushing deeply; it wouldn't be proper!"

"Tut, tut, tut, proper! Are you not my little wife, or as good? Get a companion if you like; ask La Princesse to come with you!"

"Eve?" Hazel cried, aghast; "why, Paul, Eve would as soon take a pistol and blow her own brains out as do anything of the kind! Eve, indeed! It's little you know of her to suggest such a thing!"

"Try, anyway. If she refuses, Kate Schaffer won't, and she can go with Louis. *Mal peste!* How I hate prudes!"

After that, Hazel would as soon have thought of blowing her brains out as refusing, and they had it all settled before they reached the house. Some one was singing as they entered the long drawing-room, half filled with eager listeners; and among these listeners a white figure, with black curls and pink ribbons, in the shadow of the window-curtains, drinking in every word—every note. The singer was Professor Claude D'Arville, who could sing and play as well as he could paint, and the song was "Ellen Adair." Paul Schaffer and Hazel Wood stood in the doorway, and listened with the rest:

"Ellen Adair, she loved me well,  
Against her father and mother's will,  
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,  
By Ellen's grave on the windy hill."

"She was, and I thought her cold—  
Thought her proud, and did o'er her sea;  
Filled was I with folly and spite,  
When Ellen Adair was dying for me."

"There is the Ellen Adair he is thinking of," whispered Paul; "look at the window; but she never will die for him or any one else."

"Ah! I don't know," said Hazel, with a sentimental look; "the trail of the serpent is over all," Moore says, and she is only mortal, like the rest of us."

"Marble, you should say! There, he is at the second verse, and it is not polite to talk, I suppose."

The song was finished amid a buzz of applause, in which the white figure at the window did not join. They saw her shrink away into the shadow of the curtains, and glide through the open window out on the lawn. The sinister eyes that never ceased watching her saw the act, and saw Professor D'Arville saunter away in another direction.

The sunny afternoon was ending in a cloudless, moonlight night, as Eve Hazelwood, avoiding the numerous groups of gay girls and young men, strolled by herself down a shady pine avenue, toward the gate, and leaning against it, watched the round, red moon rise, with her beauty in her eyes. Far off, one solemn star shone, the precursor of the rising host. The peaceful village lay beneath her, hushed in the holy silence of eventide; the convent-bell was ringing for vespers, and while she stood listening to its slow, sweet music, two of the nuns passed her on their way there. One was a sober-looking, middle-aged woman, the other, a young girl, not much older than Eve herself, and with a face almost as beautiful and fair, more gentle and sweet. Eve watched them out of sight, wondering if the young nun was happy, and very, very doubtful of it. She need not have been. Sister Agnes was perfectly happy; but the world looked a very bright and beautiful place to the inexperienced schoolgirl, and, somehow, this afternoon it had acquired a new charm. Had she ever spent such a pleasant afternoon? And was there ever so charming a song as "Ellen Adair"? Ah! there lay the key-note of all, and half unconsciously she began to sing:

"Love may come and love may go,  
And fly like a bird from tree to tree;  
But I will love no more, no more,  
Till Ellen Adair comes back to me."

"You liked my song, then?" said a quiet voice behind her, and Eve fairly bounded. She had heard no step on the velvety sward, but Professor D'Arville stood at her elbow.

"Pardon, mademoiselle! I did not mean to startle you. Being tired of the heat and noise of the house, I strolled down here to enjoy the beauty of the evening alone. I see mademoiselle is an admirer of the beauties of nature, too. If I intrude, I will depart."

"Oh, no," said Eve, laying her hand on her breast to still her startled heart-beating; "this place is free to all."

He leaned against the gate and looked at her.

"So you like 'Ellen Adair'?"

"Yes, monsieur; I like everything Tennyson writes."

"Yet it is rubbish after all—sentimental trash! Don't you think so?"

"No, monsieur!" rather indignantly; "I should be sorry to think so! Tennyson could not write rubbish if he tried."

"Oh, I see! You are like all the other romantic young ladies in the world! Have you read 'Mariana in the Moated Grange'?"

"A hundred times, monsieur! I know it every word off."

"What lucky fellows these poets are! Ah, who have we here? A brigand or the hero of a three-volume novel. Perhaps Tennyson himself."

Eve's eyes were asking the same question, though her lips were silent. Up the moonlit road a tall figure was striding—the figure of a man in a long, picturesque and most foreign-looking cloak, a broad-brimmed straw hat pulled over his face, completely concealing it, and a cigar between his lips.

"What a strange-looking figure!" said Eve, wonderingly. "Who can he be, and what can have brought him to St. Croix?"

"Questions I cannot take it upon myself to answer. Why, he is actually coming here!"

The foreign-looking stranger had caught sight of the two figures standing within the gate, and flinging his cigar away, walked up to them. Taking off his hat to Eve, he made a courtly bow; and in the moonlight, clear as day, she saw a bronzed and mustached face, swarthy as that of a Paynim, but eminently handsome, shaded by profuse coal-black locks, and lit up by luminous dark eyes. Dark, handsome, and distinguished, he did indeed look like the hero of a novel, or a brigand in a play. His years might have been forty, and there were threads of silver gleaming amid his dark locks.

"Pardon!" he said in French, though not with a French accent, "for the intrusion, but I am a stranger here. Can you tell me which of those two buildings on the hill yonder is Madame Moreau's *pensionnat*?"

"The one furthest off, monsieur," replied Professor D'Arville; "the other is the Convent of the Holy Cross."

"A thousand thanks, monsieur! Good-night."

He bowed again to Eve, threw on his sombrero, and walked leisurely away, humming the *fa-gend* of a Spanish ballad as he went.

"A Spaniard," said Monsieur D'Arville; "he looks like it. Some of Madame's Cuban friends, perhaps; she lived there before she came to St. Croix. But the night-air is chill, and your dress is thin, mademoiselle—had I not better lead you in?"

"Eve! Eve! Eve! Hazelwood!" a chorus of voices suddenly called before Eve could reply, and a whole troop of demoiselles rushed down upon them. "Eve! Eve! where are you?"

"Here she is!" shouted Kate Schaffer. "I have found her! I thought I would."

And her black Canadian eyes, those laughing, roguish dark eyes, whose praises her countrymen sang, looked wickedly from teacher to pupil.

"Well," said Eve, with infinite composure, "and now that I am found, what do you want with me?"

"Only this, the best of friends must part; and we are ordered home, or rather back to prison. You are the only missing lamb of the fold; and detachments have been sent out in every direction in search of you."

"Oh, yes!" said Hazel, joining in; "we thought somebody had run away with—out you! Hurry now, or you'll get a lecture as long as to-day and to-morrow."

The carriages were at the door, and the *pensionnaires*, cloaked and hooded, being packed into them by the devoted young collegians. Louis Schaffer, his cousin Paul, and Monsieur D'Arville, stood near as Eve came out the last, and it was Paul Schaffer who advanced with extended hand, while Louis was chatting volubly with the girls already stowed within the vehicle, and the professor stood at a little distance, looking quietly on.

"We thought *La Princesse* was lost ten minutes ago, and were all in a state of distraction. Louis, get out of the way, will you, and let me assist Mademoiselle Hazelwood in."

"Off she goes!" cried Louis, as Eve, scarcely touching his cousin's hand, stepped lightly in; "the last, the brightest, the best! Good-night, Eve, and pleasant dreams—dream of me!"

"Adieu, mademoiselle," Paul Schaffer said, lifting her hand to his lips before she was aware; "I shall long remember this evening! Adieu, and au revoir!"

With an imperious gesture, the girl snatched her hand away, her cheeks flushing scarlet. Another gentleman stepped up to the carriage door, and shut it.

"Good-night, Miss Hazelwood," he said in English; "Good-night, young ladies all."

"Bon soir! bon soir, monsieur!" a chorus of voices called, and then the carriage rattled away, and the *fete* was ended.

The two young men, left alone in the moonlight, did not speak. Roving silently, they went their different ways, Professor D'Arville into the house to bid his hostess farewell, and Paul Schaffer walked at a brisk pace toward the gate. Out in the road, he walked rapidly toward the village, and stopped at last before a lonely-looking little hut, at the outskirts of St. Croix. He paused a moment to look at it, and the one full ray of light streaming from its curtained window, and then rapped gently at the door.

"This should be the place," he muttered to himself; "and if the old witch knows anything about the girl, I shall find it out before I leave, or my name's not Paul Schaffer."

I am a stranger here. Can you tell me which of those two buildings on the hill yonder is Madame Moreau's *pensionnat*?"

"The one furthest off, monsieur," replied Professor D'Arville; "the other is the Convent of the Holy Cross."

"A thousand thanks, monsieur! Good-night."

He bowed again to Eve, threw on his sombrero, and walked leisurely away, humming the *fa-gend* of a Spanish ballad as he went.

"A Spaniard," said Monsieur D'Arville; "he looks like it. Some of Madame's Cuban friends, perhaps; she lived there before she came to St. Croix. But the night-air is chill, and your dress is thin, mademoiselle—had I not better lead you in?"

"Eve! Eve! Eve! Hazelwood!" a chorus of voices suddenly called before Eve could reply, and a whole troop of demoiselles rushed down upon them. "Eve! Eve! where are you?"

"Here she is!" shouted Kate Schaffer. "I have found her! I thought I would."

And her black Canadian eyes, those laughing, roguish dark eyes, whose praises her countrymen sang, looked wickedly from teacher to pupil.

"Well," said Eve, with infinite composure, "and now that I am found, what do you want with me?"

"Only this, the best of friends must part; and we are ordered home, or rather back to prison. You are the only missing lamb of the fold; and detachments have been sent out in every direction in search of you."

"Oh, yes!" said Hazel, joining in; "we thought somebody had run away with—out you! Hurry now, or you'll get a lecture as long as to-day and to-morrow."

The carriages were at the door, and the *pensionnaires*, cloaked and hooded, being packed into them by the devoted young collegians. Louis Schaffer, his cousin Paul, and Monsieur D'Arville, stood near as Eve came out the last, and it was Paul Schaffer who advanced with extended hand, while Louis was chatting volubly with the girls already stowed within the vehicle, and the professor stood at a little distance, looking quietly on.

"We thought *La Princesse* was lost ten minutes ago, and were all in a state of distraction. Louis, get out of the way, will you, and let me assist Mademoiselle Hazelwood in."

"Off she goes!" cried Louis, as Eve, scarcely touching his cousin's hand, stepped lightly in; "the last, the brightest, the best! Good-night, Eve, and pleasant dreams—dream of me!"

"Adieu, mademoiselle," Paul Schaffer said, lifting her hand to his lips before she was aware; "I shall long remember this evening! Adieu, and au revoir!"

With an imperious gesture, the girl snatched her hand away, her cheeks flushing scarlet. Another gentleman stepped up to the carriage door, and shut it.

"Good-night, Miss Hazelwood," he said in English; "Good-night, young ladies all."

"Bon soir! bon soir, monsieur!" a chorus of voices called, and then the carriage rattled away, and the *fete* was ended.

The two young men, left alone in the moonlight, did not speak. Roving silently, they went their different ways, Professor D'Arville into the house to bid his hostess farewell, and Paul Schaffer walked at a brisk pace toward the gate. Out in the road, he walked rapidly toward the village, and stopped at last before a lonely-looking little hut, at the outskirts of St. Croix. He paused a moment to look at it, and the one full ray of light streaming from its curtained window, and then rapped gently at the door.

"This should be the place," he muttered to himself; "and if the old witch knows anything about the girl, I shall find it out before I leave, or my name's not Paul Schaffer."

CHAPTER XIV.  
A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

A RAINY afternoon in St. Croix—a dogged, determined, out-and-out rainy day, with a sky of lead above, and a soaking, steaming, sodden earth below. A dreary afternoon in St. Croix, dull at the best in the brightest sunshine, but doubly dull in wet weather, when you might walk in mud from one extremity of the village to the other without meeting a living thing, except, perhaps, some drudge, skulking dog, the outcast and Pariah of his tribe. A dismal afternoon in the *pensionnat* des demoiselles; its playground deserted, its day-scholars gone home in the great covered carryall, kept by Madame for such emergencies, and darkness and dullness brooding over its empty *corres* and long corridors. It was the hour of recess, too; but the gloomy evening seemed to have imparted some of its gloom to Madame Moreau's pupils; for instead of making day hideous with their uproar, according to custom, they had slouched off to their rooms and gone to sleep, or in hidden corners were poring over novels, or gathered in groups, were gapefully discussing the great Schaffer *fete*, not yet two days old. The babies of the Fourth Division, too young in the blessedness of seven years to know the meaning of the dreadful word *ennui*, were romping and screaming in their own dominions, and their noise, and that of two or three pianos in the music-room, were the only sounds that broke the solitude of the *pensionnat*.

In one of the deserted *corres*, perched up in the deep window-ledge at the furthest extremity, a *pensionnaire* sat looking out at the black and dismal prospect. She was wrapped in a large plaid shawl, for the wet day was bleak and raw; a book, *La Tour de ma Chambre*, lay in her lap; but the dark, dreamy eyes were fixed on the lowering sky, and the rain plashing against the glasses, and the luxuriant black ringlets were pushed impatiently behind her ears, and away from the beautiful face. The girl was thinking, something schoolgirlish are not greatly given to do, and her meditations were broken suddenly, in a not very romantic manner. A pair of high-heeled boots came clattering down the staircase near her, and a shrill falsetto voice, singing at the top of a



Hazel dried her eyes, and took her lacerated heart down-stairs, to seek consolation in the pale, lukewarm fluid, known in boarding-schools as tea, and its accompanying slices of transparent bread and butter. Fifteen minutes was the time allotted for devouring these dainties. At the end of that period, a signal was given to rise; grace was said by the presiding teacher, and the ceremony was over. Silence being the austere law at meal-time, ten minutes were allowed the girls afterward to relieve their feelings before going up-stairs, and Babel broke loose the instant grace was ended. Just in the midst of a wild uproar and confusion of tongues, the folding-doors of the *salle a manger* split open, and in sailed Madame Moreau, followed by a gentleman, a bearded and mustached like a pard, and most exceedingly hand-some.

"Here are my little family, monsieur," laughed Madame, introducing him to the pensionnaires, who returned his bow by a simultaneous school-girl obeisance. "You perceive they have just concluded their frugal repast."

"Frugal," murmured Kate Schaffer, looking mournfully round the sloppy tea-table. "I should think so. We are safe from dyspepsia and the gout while we are under your charge, madame."

The gentleman's dark eyes, wandering from face to face, rested on that of Eve, standing near a window, from which she had been watching the rainy twilight. He did not approach her, however, but went up to Hazel, who stood all alone, as sully as a bear.

"One of your family appears to be in distress, Madame," he said. And Eve recognized at once the melodious, foreign-accented voice. "The world seems to have gone wrong with this young lady."

Hazel shrugged pettishly, and turned round with a sully action, that said, as plainly as words:

"I wish you would mind your own business."

"You have been crying, Miss Wood?" questioned Madame, looking at her.

"No, I haven't!" said Hazel, as crossly as she dared—for I am sorry to say Miss Wood thought no more of small fibs at times than she did of rudeness—"there's nothing the matter with me."

The stranger smiled, passed on, and came to where Eve stood.

"Ah," he said, stopping, "here is a familiar face. You and I have met before, mademoiselle."

"Met before!" echoed Madame, while all the teachers and pupils stared. "Why, where can Monsieur Méndez have met Miss Hazel-wood?"

"Madame, the other evening, walking along the road out there, I saw a fairy, all in white and pink, standing at a gate in the moonlight, and I went up, and asked to be directed to you."

"It was the night of the *fete*," Eve said, a little embarrassed to find all eyes fixed on her. "I directed Monsieur to the *pensionnat*."

Here the study-bell rang, and Madame and her companion bowing themselves out, left the young ladies to go up-stairs. Hermine the portress, was just opening the front-door in answer to an imperative ring, as her mistress crossed the vestibule on her way to the parlor. The visitor was a little spare, wiry man, who nodded to Madame with easy indifference, but started back at sight of her companion as if he had seen a ghost.

"Eh, what!" he cried, energetically, "it can't be! it can't be!"

And the sentence was finished by a blank stare.

"Monsieur evidently mistakes me for some one," said the gentleman, with a courteous smile and bow.

"No, that never was his voice," said the little man, still staring; "beg your pardon, sir, but you look so much like some one I once knew, that at first I'll be hanged if I didn't think it was he."

"Allow me to make you acquainted, gentlemen," interposed Madame, blandly; "Monsieur, this is Doctor Lance, one of my professors, and the guardian of two of my pupils. Professor, my friend from Cuba, Senor Méndez, who has kindly come to visit me in my Canadian home."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," grunted the professor. "Madame, I want to see my wards—I have a piece of news for them, that I think will make them open their eyes."

Madame led the way into the parlor, and rang the bell.

"No bad news, I trust?" she asked. "That's as may be. The fact is, I'm tired of them, and I think it high time this their guardian, who is also their nearest living blood-relation, should take charge of them. So I wrote to him. He was in England, as you know, and here (producing a document) is his answer, telling me to pack them both off by the next steamer to him."

"*Mon Dieu!* we shall be desolated at losing them. Babette," to the girl who answered the bell, "go tell Mrs. Moisselles Wood and Hazelwood that their guardian is here, and desires to see them immediately."

"Monsieur's wards are, then, the two young ladies I was speaking to?" asked Senor Méndez.

"Yes, monsieur, and the tall and handsome one is the star pupil of my school. Ah! how much we shall regret her! But I hear them coming; Monsieur Méndez, come this way, if you please. Monsieur Lance may desire to be alone with his wards."

The preceptress and her Cuban friend passed out just as Eve and Hazel, in a state of astonishment as to what Doctor Lance could possibly want at such a time, went in to hear the unexpected tidings.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 257.)

BAYARD TAYLOR, who has traveled all over the world, says that the favorite jugglers at the Japanese street-corners are young boys, who, before commencing their tricks, conceal their heads in large hoods, with a tuft of cock's feathers on top, and a small scarlet mask, representing the muzzle of a dog. The hood, mask and feathers rest above the head, while a kind of sack-like covering falls down, hiding head, neck and shoulders. "These poor children," he says, "in bending and curving themselves one upon the other, to the thump and jangle of their conductor's tambourine, present the appearance of a grotesque and fantastic struggle between two animals with monstrous heads and small human limbs." The conductors are grown men who go about with the boy-jugglers, and receive the money thrown by interested lookers-on. Their uncovered faces are sometimes hideous with the effort they make in singing and making noises to attract a crowd.

## THE SOAP-MAN.

A Puny Tale.

BY TOM TRADDLES.

Sim Robb, he was a soap-man,  
And when the panic came  
He had no fear that he would fall  
And lose his own good name.  
For this one fact let all men know  
Who would with others cope,  
That Simon's trade will ever last,  
For "White Soap's Life" there's soap."  
And now to show the doubting world  
That wonders never cease,  
Although Sim never went abroad  
He always trades in "grease."  
And though Sim never told a fib,  
When'er he passes by,  
And anybody gives him grease  
He pays her back in "lye."

Sim never drank a glass of rum,  
And yet it's stranger far,  
That though his friends petition oft,  
He never cuts the bar!  
Though Job was troubled much with boils,  
Not so with Simon Robb,  
And when he turns his grease to soap,  
It is a "boiling job."

## Old Bull's-Eye,

THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BURIED ALIVE.

ANITA DE SYLVA uttered a little shriek of terror as the maddened beast crouched before her, its eyes ablaze, its long fangs visible through its parted lips, and when Shkote-nah, the Cayuga chief, pushed her back, she turned to flee, running fairly into the arms of Percy Abbot, who had sprung to her rescue. Leaving the giant to cope with the jaguar as best he might, Abbot raised Anita in his arms and clambered rapidly up the rocks, calling upon Luis to follow them. He now fully comprehended the double peril that threatened them, and sought refuge in a hollow between two upright rocks, with a roof of solid earth above. This hole was considerably larger than had seemed from the ledge below, and Luis found no difficulty in following the lovers. And then—the living avalanche thundered down the rocky sides of the barranca. The trio huddled close together, as though for mutual protection.

A livid light filled the barranca without. They could catch glimpses of dark bodies falling swiftly past the entrance—but then all was dark. There came a sudden shock—the sides of the den seemed to be falling in upon and crushing them. With a low moan, Anita swooned. Luis, who was nearest the entrance, groped forward, but only for a few feet. Then he paused, with a cry that sounded in Abbot's ears like a death-knell. He easily understood its meaning.

They were buried alive! Truly the situation was anything but an enviable one. And yet, how much worse it might have been. Here at least they could not be crushed to death by the falling beasts, nor were they so fully exposed to the power of the fire. True, the air was close, and appeared scant, but if they were to be smothered to death, they would die together, locked in each other's arms. And with this thought, Percy bowed his head until his lips touched Anita's.

"There's magic in a kiss"—so sings the poet, and truer words were never spoken.

The pressure was returned, and Anita's arms tightened around the young man's neck. For a moment Abbot was in heaven—'twas the first kiss that had ever passed between them.

But not even love is a specific against suffering, and the young couple were disagreeably reminded of their perilous situation. Breathing became more and more difficult. The earth surrounding them seemed glowing with heat. Perspiration streamed from every pore. Each breath drawn was one of absolute agony. And then—all was a blank.

They had yielded to the terrible strain—they had swooned.

How long this lasted, they never knew. Luis was the first to recover his senses. All was intensely dark—"a gloom that could be seen and felt." The air was close and hot, and every breath seemed like inhaling some noxious liquid. He endeavored to shout, but his voice was like that of a strangling person. Then he groped forward, and shaking Percy, succeeded in arousing him and Anita, who lay tight clasped in each other's arms.

"Rouse up, man!" hoarsely muttered de Sylva. "We are buried alive—the air is almost exhausted—unless we can dig through, we are doomed!"

Abbot seemed confused and bewildered, but then his brain cleared and he remembered all that had occurred.

"To work, then—for her sake!" he gasped, as he crept forward and tore at the hard, dry earth with his naked hands. "But—which is the right direction?"

Which, indeed? Who could answer? To give way to despair meant certain death. They must have fresh air or die. And with this thought uppermost, yet breathing silent prayers that their efforts might be directed aright, the two men tore down the dirt before them, tramping it under foot, unheeding the sharp stones that lacerated their fingers. They were working for life.

The air seemed to grow thicker and more foul, until they could scarcely breathe. They seemed to be sweating blood at every pore. Yet they never paused—a moment's rest might be a life.

There was no sound from Anita now. She did not reply when they called to her. Abbot groaned bitterly, but did not quit his work, though he pictured her dying—dying, and he unable to aid her. Oh! it was horrible!

A faint, gasping cry from Luis—but not one of joy. A sound of utter despair, a sound that told he had lost all hope.

"God help us! I've struck the solid rock!" he gasped, and then dropped at Abbot's feet, his courage gone.

For one moment Percy faltered. It seemed like fighting against fate. Why struggle to protract the inevitable—why not die, since die he must, in the arms of his loved one?

But his manhood urged him on to redoubled exertions. He tore at the earth like a madman. Then one handful clung to his fingers—it was wet—what did it mean? He shook it off and clawed frantically at the hole he had made. And then—joy! The sticky sand gave way before his hand, and as he drew back, a puff of cool, deliciously sweet air followed! He had fought his way to the outer world!

For a moment he swallowed great draughts of the blessed, life-giving air, then groped back and lifting Anita in his arms, held her face up in the draught, beseeching her in frenzied accents to live—to live for him. He was little better than a madman; but he had undergone enough to make him such, during that terrible night.

The air within the den was rapidly growing more bearable, and Luis gave signs of recovery, and soon arose at Abbot's call. Anita, too, gave a faint sigh and began to breathe more freely, while her cheek grew warmer beneath Percy's passionate kisses. Then she murmured his name and clung closer to him—their warm breath mingled—their lips met and clung together as though they would never separate. That was the young hunter's reward for his desperate struggle when all seemed lost.

The reaction came, and the trio sat before the air-hole, faint, utterly exhausted. All seemed dark without, and they knew it was not yet day. They marvelled that the night had not long since passed over. It seemed as though their imprisonment had lasted an age.

As they regained their strength and courage, the trio consulted in low, guarded tones. They had no means of knowing whether the Cayugas—provided any had escaped the double peril with life—had departed, or were still lingering near. They listened, but all was still without.

"After all," muttered Luis, gloomily, "it can matter little to us. They could only kill us, and that would be better than being lost in the desert, unarmed, without food or means of procuring any. We would starve to death."

"We would not lack for food—you forget how many buffalo and deer must have been killed leaping down here. It is water that I fear the most. My throat is so parched that I can hardly speak. And you, poor darling, what must you suffer?" added Abbot, sorrowfully.

"I am thirsty, but I can bear it better than the fear of falling into the hands of that dreadful savage. It makes my flesh creep to think of his ugly looks! Let's wait until sure that they have all left," murmured Anita.

"I saw the old beast—and that was the hardest of my trials—the knowledge that I could do nothing to rid you of my company. I hope the dog has been roasted alive!"

Anita ventured a little hug at these words, and was immediately repaid with interest, and the darkness kindly concealed more than one deeply flushed face as a little report followed the reluctant parting of their lips. Ah, after all, being buried alive was not so terrible—when one believes escape is possible, and is blessed with the company of one's beloved.

Finally Luis, who had not so much to distract his thoughts as the others, declared that he could endure it no longer—that he was almost crazed with thirst. And he rapidly enlarged the hole, until it was large enough to give passage to his body. Repeatedly cautioned by Abbot, he emerged, and peered keenly around. An impressive spectacle met his gaze in the gray light of dawn, but nowhere could he detect the presence of a living form. Even then he marveled at the coolness of the air. The traces of such an extensive fire should have lingered longer than that—in heat, if nothing more. But then a low, glad cry broke from his lips as his hand rested in a hollow filled with water! And then he knew. The blessed rain!

Anita and Abbot came forth and joined him, and ten minutes later were wondering how the want of a little water could produce such acute suffering.

Making Anita re-enter the den, the young men carefully examined the barranca, and then, sealing the rocks, peered out over the dead, blackened plain. Not a living object was visible. They were alone in the desert!

Yet even this thought did not greatly subdue their spirits. They had made such a wonderful escape from death that it did not seem possible they could be reserved for a more lingering though no less certain doom. They would yet escape from the desert—never fear!

It was anything but an agreeable scene that the trio gazed upon, as they stood before the den that had so nearly proven their grave. Hundreds upon hundreds of dead bodies lay in the barranca, filling it from side to side for fully twenty feet in depth. The fire had singed most of the hair and hide off of these, and the heavy rain-drops had beaten off the charred flesh, leaving the bloody, half-cooked meat visible in blotches. The mass was steaming freely; the rain could not cool all that animal heat. And with the rest, scattered along the rocks were the corpses of many a Cayuga who had escaped the animals only to fall victims to the fire.

"It is horrible—beyond anything I ever dreamed possible!" murmured Anita, shudderingly. "It makes me sick—let's leave this frightful place!"

"We will soon, darling," replied Abbot. "But we must not forget what lies before us. We may be days and even weeks trying to find our way out of this desert. To start without due preparation would be suicide."

"Our preparations will be very slight," faintly smiled Anita.

Not so. First we must see to securing a supply of this water before the sun comes out and evaporates it. Then there is food—but that lies before us. The only difficulty will be to make a choice."

"Food—eat that!" faltered Anita.

"We must," quietly replied Percy. "We must eat that or starve. We have no weapons—not even a knife, unless we can find one upon some of the dead Indians. We will have to eat this meat, and that without any further cooking. You must remember where we are, Anita, and continue to act like the brave, true-hearted woman you are. God knows we will have discouragement enough, without raising any among ourselves."

"Forgive me, Percy—I will try and be sensible. What is good enough for you, darling, is good enough for me."

Luis was climbing over the rocks, to search the dead Cayugas for weapons, and so failed to see the delicious bit of—What? Something awful, of course, but it's ill telling tales out of school.

Luis found several knives, but no other weapons that could be of service, unless it was one or two of the clumsy stone hatchets. And Anita, to prove how repentant she was, ate a generous slice of roasted buffalo-meat, and then asked for more! Like a singed cat, the meat was better than it looked.

It was nearly noon before they succeeded in finding a couple of large leathern flasks that would hold water. These had been protected by lying beneath several animals, and had not been injured by the fire. With a good deal of patience, these were filled from the little pools, and then, with a good supply of roasted meat slung over their shoulders, the trio emerged from the barranca and faced their long, weary journey. But it was destined to be interrupted by the very outset. An exclamation from Luis caused Anita and Percy to glance up.

Far away—almost directly before them, a moving body was visible. A few moments' scouting resolved what they were—horsemen. But who were they friends or enemies?

"We must not run any risks—back to the barranca," cried Abbot, as he crouched low down and retreated.

"Perhaps 'tis those dreadful men—the Red

Hawks!" faltered Anita, as they scrambled down the rocks.

This was the thought that was uppermost in the minds of each. Anita concealed herself in the den, Luis and Abbot anxiously watched the party from the escarpment, taking good care not to be seen. As they drew nearer, it was evident that the majority, if not all, were white men. It must be the Red Hawks, after the Cayugas, to avenge their slaughtered comrades and their destroyed town. And thus the party wound around the barranca unhailed. It was the band of Man-hunters, led by Walter Dugrand!

## CHAPTER XIX.

OLD BULL'S-EYE AS A LOVER.

DOWN—down! through what seemed countless miles of empty space—an aerial flight that seemed never-ending. Then a heavy shock—a mad plunging onward over an irregular surface that appeared to be heaving and tossing like the waves of the ocean—then a painful shock—a blank.

When Old Bull's-Eye returned to consciousness, he found the faithful Snow-squall standing over him, licking his face and neck, whimpering dolefully as though mourning over his dead master. But this changed to a joyful whicker, as the scout struggled to a sitting posture, and gazed wonderingly around him. What had happened?

"Ha! I remember now!" he muttered, as a low sigh drew his attention to the little form that lay partly in his arms. "Thank God you are alive, little one!" and he pressed his parched lips to the upturned face, as Carmela unclosed her eyes.

The fire was no longer visible. The sky was clouded, and seemed threatening rain. The darkness was intense. Eyesight availed them little, and they could only guess at the method of their escape from what seemed inevitable death.

Weak and trembling, completely exhausted by the fearful sufferings they had undergone—as much of mind as of body—Carmela and Old Bull's-Eye made no attempt to arise, content in the knowledge that their lives had been preserved and that they were still together.

His arms tightened around her lithe, yielding form, his head bowed until their cheeks touched each other, their breath mingling, yielding to a delicious languor that neither of them cared to break.

"You are mine, little one!" softly breathed Old Bull's-Eye.

"Yours, forever—if you wish—you have conquered me," Carmela replied, in low, languid accents.

Their lips met—all else was forgotten. Such moments are like a smiling oasis in the dreary desert of life.

Then the rain came down, in heavy, blinding sheets. Love, under a shower-bath, is apt to cool down, and so it was with our friends. Old Bull's-Eye unwound his arms long enough to see that his powder-horn was safe, and placed it where there was no danger of its getting wet. The cool rain was very refreshing to their jaded, scorched persons, and served in a measure to quench their thirst. And thus the remainder of the night passed.

With the day-dawn came a knowledge of the wonderful escape they had made, and Old Bull's-Eye, wild and eventful as had been his life for years past, could scarcely believe his eyes.

That immense area lying between the Rio Gila and the Colorado river resembles in many respects that tract between the famous Cross-Timber and the Rocky Mountains, or the Llano Estacado, but in nothing so much as its rising by steps, so to speak. The traveler journeying toward the North-west meets at every hundred or hundred and twenty-five miles with a ridge of high hills extending as far as the eye can reach upon each hand. Scaling this, he naturally anticipates a corresponding descent upon the opposite side, but, in most instances, on reaching the summit he finds another broad, level expanse, stretching out beyond the range of human vision.

The mad race from the prairie fire had led Old Bull's-Eye a little south of east. The herd of animals had plunged headlong over one of these ridges, down upon the rocks, more than a hundred feet below. They had been crushed to death by thousands as the mighty stream poured over, trampling and crushing down those that preceded them, until the mass of quivering, mangled carcasses came up to within twenty feet of the upper prairie. The brutes had tumbled and rolled over until a slope ended two hundred feet out from the ridge, over which the majority of the *estampados* plunged to continue their flight beyond.

This was the descent that Snow-squall had made in safety, finally stumbling at the base and casting its riders to the scored and beaten prairie. The fire had swept up to the ledge, then died out for want of fuel.

"It don't seem possible that we could have come down there, and escaped with life!" exclaimed Carmela.

"There was never another horse that could have done it! Had I not ought to be a very proud man, with my little one and noble old Snow-squall?"

"But are you?" and Carmela shot a quick glance up into the bronzed face, with a blushing shyness that, until now, had been utterly unknown to her.

Old Bull's-Eye's reply was entirely satisfactory, of course, else Snow-squall would not have whickered so approvingly, as he lifted his head from cropping the scanty grass-blades.

"Am I awake, little one?" said the scout, laughingly, at length. "I am almost afraid to speak or to touch you, for fear it will awaken me from a dream. To think that I—a rough, ugly old man—"

"Hush!" and Carmela clapped her little brown paw over the scout's bearded lips. "You belong to me now, and no one shall slander my property. You are not old—you are not ugly—but you are a man, true to the very core! My life has been a rough one, and I am almost as much man as woman. But in you I have found my master. Such as I am, I am wholly yours. The debt of gratitude, if any, is owing you."

"You are in earnest—you will be my wife, little one!"

"Yours, now and forever, my king!" Ah! well, love is as powerful in the desert as elsewhere, and can find an abiding-place in the heart that beats under a buck-skin shirt or Indian-dressed tunic, as well as beneath fine broadcloth and silken bodice.

It seems that love, hunger and thirst can exist at one and the same time, for ten minutes later the newly-pledged lovers were busily employed; Old Bull's-Eye kindling a fire, while Carmela, riding Snow-squall, went in quest of water. They were both successful, though it was a difficult task kindling a fire with such damp material. Then, side by side, they discussed love and antelope-steaks together.

Their surroundings were peculiar enough. The immense mass of bodies piled against the

perpendicular ridge. The brown prairie behind them, dotted thickly with prostrate animals, alive, but helpless. Spurred on by the fire, they had sunk, completely exhausted, the moment they were beyond its power, and now lay in strange juxtaposition. Here lay stretched out a huge jaguar, its once-beautiful hide scorched and blistered. Beside it was an antelope, their feet fairly touching. Wolves, panthers, wild horses, buffalo and elk were lying in every direction, unable to arise, completely exhausted, many of whom must die as they lay, from the effects of their terrible race.

"What course do you mean to follow now, Old—" began Carmela, but paused with a ludicrous air of confusion.

"I'm not ashamed of the name, pet," laughed Old Bull's-Eye, "for 'twas gained honorably. But I guess you had better call me by my real name. I was christened Abel."

"I was thinking of Chiquita, and wondering whether she escaped that terrible fire," added Carmela.

"That is what I must find out. If she is living, I must meet her face to face. And—little one, you said that you did not believe she was your mother. Pray God that your suspicions may prove true—that she is nothing to you!"

"I will—if you wish it," said Carmela, simply. "But why?"

"Because—you may as well know it now, as hereafter. Little one, I fear that this Chiquita is my wife!"

Old Bull's-Eye bowed his head and moodily picked at the ground. Carmela stared at him in open mouthed astonishment. But then she cried, sharply:

"If so, then I hope and pray that the fire burned her up!"

"Hush, pet—you may be speaking of your own mother. This is why I say I must find her. If she is your mother, and my wife, as I fear, then you—Well, little one, instead of a husband, you will have found a father."

"I don't understand—you can't be my father. What do you mean?" asked Carmela, slowly.

"Let it pass, now, pet. We will believe that all will come out right in the end. I don't feel like telling my story now—it's long and an unpleasant one, though you shall hear it some time. But you see now that I must not give up until I find this woman, or learn that she is dead, for from her alone—now that this Juan de Sylva, or Antonio Barillo, is dead—can we learn the truth. And until I learn different I'm going to believe that you are the child Walter Dugrand is searching for."

Carmela seemed willing enough that this should be so. She had never known a father in her life, and however pleasant such a relation might be, she did not want to find one in Old Bull's-Eye. In her heart she knew that she could love him far better as a husband. Snow-squall seemed quite recovered, and mounting him, Old Bull's-Eye rode in and out among the scattered animals, and finally found a young mustang that had regained its feet and was cropping the dampened grass greedily. It was an easy matter to secure it, and shifting saddle and bridle, Carmela was soon mounted upon its back. Though this was the first time human being had ever crossed its back, the mustang only winced slightly; the frightful race had tamed it most effectually.

Old Bull's-Eye, while examining the pile of carcasses, to see if it was possible to climb up to the upper prairie with horses, made a joyous discovery. His trusty rifle was just peeping from beneath a dead buffalo, and extricating it, the scout found the weapon but little the worse for wear.

Provided with water and meat, the couple rode along the natural wall for several miles, finally finding a narrow trail that led up to the plain. A little tough climbing carried them up. The prairie, black as ink, stretched out before them as far as the eye could reach. There was no trail, but Old Bull's-Eye easily decided upon the course he must follow, and fixing the points well in his mind, they rode briskly forward, the young mustang behaving splendidly.

On, hour after hour; then a broad trail lay before them. Old Bull's-Eye dismounted, and closely inspected the tracks. A little exclamation drew Carmela to his side.

"Friends have passed by here, and that within the last two hours!" he said, gladly, looking up.

"How can you tell? I see that some of the horses were shot, but may it not have been the Red Hawks? I feel sure that they will follow after the Indians, as soon as they find out what has happened at the nest?"

"You see this?" and Old Bull's-Eye pointed out a peculiarly shaped track upon the dampened ashes. "I owned that horse until I found Snow-squall. Then I gave it to a friend, Murph. Toole. He was riding it three or four days ago, so I know that, since he passed here, the others are the men, following Dugrand. If we can only overtake them! Come, let's try. With them we can clean out the Cayugas and rescue their captives."

Mounting again, the scouts passed rapidly along the fresh trail, Old Bull's-Eye repeating the story told him by his trapper friend, about Walter Dugrand. His language was no longer that of a rough, illiterate borderer. While with Carmela he cast off the mouth mask he had worn so long, showing himself for what he really was, a well-bred, educated man.

"Look yonder!" suddenly exclaimed Carmela, extending her arm. "What are they? Is not that a woman, with them?"

Old Bull's-Eye, who had been regarding his pleasing comrade far more intently than the trail, now noticed a little group of human beings, far ahead, evidently dismounted in the desert.

"We'll soon see—there are only three of them," he said, urging Snow-squall forward, closely followed by Carmela.

There was no cover behind which the three wanderers could take shelter, and though they had plainly discovered the horsemen, they stood still, awaiting the result. But then, with a glad cry, one of them sprang forward, waving his arms like a madman.

"Perry Abbot, by all that's holy!" cried the scout, as he recognized the man, and soon they were grasping hands.

It was indeed Anita, Percy and Luis, who, as soon as the party of supposed Red Hawks had disappeared, left the barranca and began their long journey, following the broad trail as a guide against straying in a circle. The meeting was a glad one on all sides, for Anita, though she knew that Carmela had played the part of a spy in the tragedy at the rancho, could not forget that the spirited maiden had protected her from the insults of Red Hawk.



three men keeping pace on foot, they hastened along the trail. The barranca was soon reached, and while the others rode around the ravine, Old Bull's-Eye crossed over and after a little search found the trail left by the Cayugas. The ashes lay several inches deep over the surface, and, having been thoroughly moistened by the rain, which had ceased shortly before the savages had resumed their retreat, received and retained perfect impressions of every foot. And among them, the scout found one that he felt assured was that of Chiquita—long, slender, and high-arched.

The two trails came together in a short time, and it was evident that the Man hunters had been rapidly overhauling the cannibals. The sun was not more than an hour high when Old Bull's-Eye abruptly paused and held up his hand in warning. Halting, the party listened intently. The faint sound of distant firing came to their ears. There could be only one solution.

The Man-hunters had overtaken their prey. Old Bull's-Eye lifted Anita from the saddle and leaped upon Snow-squall's back, exclaiming: "You follow on after—I'm going to have a hand in the fun!" and away he galloped, like a madman.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 255.)

## Injun Dick:

### THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "KENTUCKY THE SPORT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

TWO PAIR.  
CHEROKEE looked at the old man for a moment, as if for the purpose of seeing if he was perfectly in earnest. There was no doubt about the matter; Ugly was not joking.

"It seems to me," the long-haired sharp said, "that offer is like the handle of a pump, all on one side."

"Why, you're sure to win," Ugly protested. "You always win!"

"But you've got a sure thing, anyway." "Well, I ought to have something for her; you, yourself, admit that."

"But you are sure that the girl will be satisfied?" Cherokee asked.

"I know she will be, and if she ain't, why, the whole thing is off, and you can have your money back; you needn't pay it until you know."

"It's a go, then!" decided Cherokee. "Here's the papers;" and the old man quickly drew a pack of well worn cards from his pocket.

Cherokee glanced at the cards a little suspiciously. Old Joe understood the meaning of the glance.

"Oh, it's all honest! I give you my word that the cards are all right."

Cherokee quickly took the cards and examined them; then, apparently satisfied, he shuffled them a little, and inquired:

"How is it to be, old man, a little draw, or a single hand?"

Old Joe reflected for a few minutes, and then resolved to stake all upon a single chance.

"Just a single hand, and the best show wins."

"We'll cut for deal, of course," said Cherokee, giving the cards a few more dextrous shuffles.

"You ought to allow me to deal, I think," Old Ugly suggested, coaxingly.

"Not by a jug-full!" was Cherokee's reply. "You've got the whole butt-end of the bargain already. There's your cards. Now, cut 'em. If you had any money to lose, I'd lay you an even bet that I'll win the deal."

"I'm broke," the old gambler confessed, with a sigh. "If you'll trust, I'll go you an even twenty on the turn, and you can take it out of the thousand."

"Make it five hundred instead of twenty, and it's a bargain!"

"Five hundred?"

The temptation was too strong for the old man to resist.

"All right; five hundred even that I win the deal."

"Will you cut first?"

"No, you."

A turn of the wrist and Cherokee displayed the queen of spades.

A hollow groan came from old Ugly's lips. He did not believe that he could beat the queen.

"How's that for high, old man?" demanded Cherokee. "I'll go you a thousand to five hundred that you won't beat that."

Not even these tempting odds could induce old Ugly to invest.

"Oh, you have Satan's luck!" the desperate old gambler protested.

"Try yours, old man," said Cherokee, coolly.

Ugly's cut was a tray of hearts.

Cherokee laughed and Ugly swore.

"Now, partner!" the old fellow exclaimed, impressively, after his fit of passion was over; "play fair with me; no ringing in a cold deck, you know."

"Square as a die, old man, for duces!" and Cherokee's nimble fingers dealt off the cards.

zing blankly upon the cards that had undone him, although he had come out of the game five hundred dollars richer. But what was that to a man who had expected to make a thousand and keep his daughter, too, as a bait for some other love-sick individual?

Cherokee knocked at the shanty door and when Ellmore's voice bade him enter, walked in.

The girl was seated by the table, her head reclining upon her hand.

Cherokee removed his hat, closed the door behind him, and stood motionless, gazing upon the girl.

As often as he had seen the tall and slender maiden never had she appeared so pretty as now.

"You have won?" she asked.

Cherokee was astonished.

"You knew your father's design?"

"Yes."

"And you are willing to abide by the result of chance?"

"Do you claim me?"

Cherokee took a sudden start forward, knelt by the girl's chair, and placed his strong arm around her slender waist.

"Give me a single sign that you are willing to go with me, and I will claim you against all the world!" he exclaimed, passionately.

A moment she gazed upon the earnest, upturned face of the son of fortune, her dark eyelashes half veiling the kindling eyes beneath.

"I have fought against liking you," she murmured, slowly, "but fate is stronger than I, and wills it otherwise. Do you know who and what my father is? He is a criminal from justice. The president of a bank, he betrayed his trust; first squandered the funds intrusted to his care; then, when he found that detection was certain, he fled like a thief in the night. Remember that at any time the officers of the law may seize upon him, and while he lives I cannot desert him."

"I honor a spirit like that!" and Cherokee spoke softly. "I, too, on my part, confess that I liked you from the moment my eyes first fell upon you. Like you, I resisted the impulse to love. I did not think myself worthy the love of any pure girl. I am a desperate, hunted man, skulking through the world under an assumed name. Bitter wrongs have I to redress, bitter foes to punish."

"Why not seek forgetfulness elsewhere?" she said, gently, bending down and touching his broad forehead with her soft lips; "let my love make you forget the world's wrongs—forget revenge and all cruel passion."

Like one in a dream the iron-hearted Cherokee yielded to the soft influence of the most charming passion that earth doth know.

"Be it so," he said; "only one blow more, and then peace and rest."

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

PLAYING 'POSSUM.

ONLY once more!

How many times that has been said in this "vale of tears!"

"Once more, and then I stop!"

Many a mortal has comforted a doubting heart with this assurance, and, nine times out of ten, what fatal consequences have followed!

"One more blow!" cried the long-haired Cherokee, as he parted from the lily-like Ellmore. "One more blow—the last, and then peace and rest."

With a lighter heart than he had carried in his bosom for many a long day, Cherokee left the wing-dam shanty.

Old Ugly was anxiously awaiting the result of the interview.

"Well—well!" cried the old man, nervously. "It's all right!"

Ugly rubbed his skinny palms together in a glow of satisfaction. "I knew that she would be pleased at the idea."

Cherokee smiled. He understood that the old man was lying.

"And the money, partner?" asked Ugly, eagerly.

"Come in town to-night and you shall have it."

Old Joe looked disappointed; it was plain that he hungered to finger the gold-dust at once.

"Why wait till night?" he grumbled. "What difference does it make if you give me the money now?"

"None at all, old sport," Cherokee replied, pleasantly; "but I don't walk round with a small sized fortune in my pockets."

Ugly nodded; the explanation appeared reasonable to him.

"Suppose you make it this afternoon instead of to-night?" he suggested.

"No, no!" and Cherokee spoke decidedly; "you can't have it before night. There will be plenty of time for you to lose it all before twelve o'clock."

Ugly shook his head with an air of great wisdom.

"Oh, no," he said. "I'm not going to gamble with the money. I'm going to buy a share in a good paying mine. This is a big stake, and I'm not going to risk it."

Again Cherokee smiled; he fully understood the strength of a gambler's resolution. One look at the painted pasteboards and then the wild delirium would set in.

"Just you keep to that," the doubting Cherokee said, as he turned away.

"You'll be at the Occidental by dark?"

"Yes, if I live."

"If you die before dark, I'll call it square," Ugly shouted out after Cherokee.

That gentleman, striding along toward Cinnabar, merely waved his hand and smiled.

Ugly watched him until he disappeared around the bend in the road; then, chuckling to himself in delight, old Joe went into the shanty.

Cherokee walked briskly on, strange thoughts in his mind.

ger, but that long habit had taught him to look for a foe in every bush.

And now, as he strode rapidly along the lonely road, his well-trained eyes warned him of danger, although the most searching glance could not have detected that there was a mortal near.

No human figure met the keen eyes, yet he was sure that within a little clump of timber, fifty paces or so along the road, a man was lying concealed.

A mother bird, frightened from her nest, was fluttering amid the tree-tops, and this simple circumstance convinced Cherokee that danger was at hand.

The bloody avenger, whose hand was against all men, knew full well that no friend waited for him in ambush.

Upon the instant he halted.

Too late, apparently, for a little puff of smoke rose in the bush, and the hum of a ball sounded in the air.

Up went the hands of Cherokee, convulsively, and he staggered and fell to his knees. With a desperate effort he drew a Derringer from his coat pocket; but, as if the effort had cost him dear, he rolled over on his side in the dust.

Then from the thicket, from whence the shot had been fired, rose a great shout of victory.

Forth into the road sprang the Mexican, Velarde.

"Caramba!" he cried, in glee, thrusting the yet smoking pistol into his belt. "I've finished the job at the first trial! Now for his dust!"

But as the assassin ran toward the prostrate man a wonderful change took place.

The dead man came suddenly to life; the hand that grasped the Derringer was raised, and with an unerring aim sped a ball straight to the heart of the Mexican.

With a wild, convulsive shriek the assassin fell. For a moment he writhed and groaned and struggled, biting the dust in his agony; and then, as life departed, became statue-like, still.

Cherokee had risen to his feet. His device had succeeded; he had tricked the Mexican to his death. But he did not advance to the stricken man. He drew a revolver from his belt, drew back the hammer, and leveled the weapon at the little clump of timber whence the Mexican had come.

It was plain that Cherokee suspected the assassin was not alone.

"Step out!" he said, sternly.

And at the word, out into the road came the bumder, Joe Bowers!

With a placid smile, the redoubtable Mr. Bowers confronted the menacing muzzle of the leveled revolver. He had extended his hands above his head, clear proof that he intended to make no defense.

"You did that bully!" Bowers exclaimed, in a tone of great admiration. "I never see'd any cuss popped off in better style. He thought he had you for sure, too. I reckon that you played that 'lone hand' on all that it was worth."

"Got any prayers to say?" Cherokee asked, grimly.

"Reckon that I don't need to blow my Gospel horn just now, old pard," the bumder said, confidently. "I reckon that you won't plug the man that rung in a cold deal for you, the other night, at the Occidental."

"You are one of Brown's gang?"

"Ko-rect; but I jest foller him 'to serve my turn upon him, not I for love and duty; as that noble galoot, Iago, remarks," Bowers said, unblushingly.

Cherokee hesitated for a moment, then finally lowered the revolver.

"Git!" he said, laconically.

"You bet!" Mr. Bowers replied, with equal brevity.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 245.)

## ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL; OR, THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,  
AUTHOR OF "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," "THE BEAUTIFUL FORGER," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XL.

THE END THAT WAS.

THAT same evening Leon Burke had a long interview with his father.

Little more had passed between the married pair on the subject of the discovery so unexpectedly brought about. Mrs. Burke had kept her room, really ill from the effects of her painful excitement, and yet uncertain how her husband had taken the disclosure she had been compelled to make.

He now knew that Archibald Lovel was her former husband, divorced by her caprice, without any proper cause, and without fault on his part, except inability to surround her with the luxuries she craved, and to place her on a pinnacle as the queen of fashion.

What regard had she shown for the sanctity of the marriage vow for the sacred claim of him she had vowed to love and cherish to her life's end?

She had taken advantage of the shameful facility the laws of her State afforded; she had cast off her allegiance, had severed herself from her husband, even abandoning her child, and had ruthlessly deceived her new suitor, intent on sharing the wealth he could offer!

When her repudiated husband had achieved wealth, far surpassing that of Mr. Burke, and when the fortunes of the latter seemed precarious, had she not applied to the divorced one, hoping to learn the secret of his uniform luck, and thereby build up her private fortune?

Had she not received him at the banker's house, by stealth, as it were? Had she not taken him apart for a private conversation, and when discovered by her husband, had she not shielded the stranger from the blow aimed by maddening jealousy, even at the imminent risk of her own life?

These were bitter and humiliating thoughts to Stanley Burke, and he felt his heart grow hard toward the woman on whom he had lavished so much love, to be repaid with deceit and treachery.

He did not suspect her of cherishing a passion for the husband of her youth. He did not imagine she had forgotten her marriage vows to himself. But he deemed her wholly heartless, cold, scheming and treacherous. He knew beyond a doubt that she had never loved him.

Had the disclosures chanced a year sooner, or even a few months, Stanley Burke, with his horror of divorce and divorced women, would have separated himself forever from his wife. He would have settled on her a sufficiency to keep her from want, and would never again have looked upon her face.

But the late occurrences had taught him self-distrust; had humbled his pride in the dust.

Laura knew how deeply he had sinned to obtain the riches she had longed for. Discovery of what he had done would bring greater disgrace upon the family than her early fault; for did not the law sanction that? Yet she had never reproached him!

She had not taunted him in the hour of her humiliation with what he had done; nor bidden him measure his crimes with her more excusable dereliction. She had not defied him; on the contrary, she had taken all blame to herself. He could not deal harshly with one who had been so merciful to himself.

Yet the door in his heart was closed by the knowledge of her coldness, ambition and avarice. It would take time to soften the anguish of the blow. Meanwhile, he would do all in his power to give her peace. He would find her child, whom he would restore to her mother, and provide for her wants.

He had a hastily arranged plan, as soon as this was done, and his own safety secured by Leon's sacrifice, of leaving the country for a time. But he said nothing to his son.

Together they proceeded the next day to the address given by Gideon Drake. A messenger had been sent by Miss Le Brun for some of his clothes; so that they learned he was in—street, at the lodgings of his daughter; though not that anything had happened to him.

They went on to the place where they expected to find him.

There was an unusual bustle and crowd before the door; and they learned, on asking what was the matter, that two criminals had been arrested, charged with attempt to murder; and that their victim's deposition had just been taken in due form. Both Jim Kelly and his "pal," Wilmont, had been led away to the Tombs.

The gentlemen ascended the stairs. Just outside the door Leon recognized Mr. Lovel, and pointed him out to his father. When Lovel, with a smile, grasped his hand, he could not avoid introducing him.

The two husbands of the same woman stood face to face!

At a glance Stanley Burke saw that the man before him was a thorough gentleman. His noble form and features, the frank, kindly expression, the intellectual power blended with gentleness visible in his face, prepossessed him in his favor in spite of prejudices.

Neither had time to say a word. The doctor came out, followed by another of the medical profession and several of the neighbors.

Burke and his son were yet ignorant of the name of the wounded man. They heard the doctor say, "No hope," without suspicion that they had any interest in the matter. The next instant they entered the room.

Charlotte Le Brun was seated by the bed on which her father lay, dying of his wound. She was very pale. Her hair was turned back from her broad forehead, and fell over her neck in neglected waves. She was wiping the death-dew from Gideon's forehead.

Burke went close to the bed.

"Is this you, Gideon Drake," he asked, in a low voice.

"It is the same, governor, but I have not long to stay. Jim has done for me this time."

The words were jerked out with effort amid gaspings for breath.

The banker stooped to whisper in his ear: "Then you will do an act of justice, Gideon, and return me the papers you took?"

The dying man looked at him, not understanding.

"The papers you brought me back were stolen from my desk the next hour. And your daughter—if this is your daughter—offered to sell them to my son."

"Charlotte?" the pale lips opened to say. "Is this true?"

"It is true, father! I promised to restore them—on conditions."

"They are worthless to you—without Hammond's evidence! You could do nothing with them!"

"You see, young lady," whispered the banker, "though they are of vital importance to me, as my possession of them deprives Hammond of the power to injure me, you could not use them against me unless in concert with him. I see, by your conscious face, that you were the person who took them from my desk. Be satisfied with the misery you have already brought on me and my family."

The girl bowed her head.

"Let me have them! You shall be richly rewarded."

Without speaking a word, Charlotte rose from her seat. The imploring eyes of the dying man met her own. They seemed to plead for the act of justice that might help his sin-laden soul to depart in peace.

She went into the small inner room, and presently returned with the package in her hand. This she put into the banker's hands.

With a whispered expression of thanks, Burke turned away. Leon followed him. He gave not a single glance to Charlotte. She resumed her seat by her father's bed.

Lovel approached the dying man. His first inquiry was prompted by the benevolent solicitude of the Christian for the suffering.

"Can I do nothing for you?" he asked. "I can send you the best medical aid."

"Too late!" faintly breathed the wounded man.

Leon Burke returned.

His father's request, he said, was that Gideon Drake would restore the papers concerning Miss Barrett.

"They are in my valise, Charlotte," panted her father. The valise had been brought from his lodgings, and was close by the head of the bed on which he lay.

"Those papers," interrupted Mr. Lovel, "belong to me."

"They shall be restored to you," returned Leon, "the instant I receive them. You have assuredly the best right."

Miss Le Brun stooped her head to listen for Gideon's directions.

She took the key he wore attached to his watch-chain, unlocked the valise, and handed the parcel of papers to Mr. Lovel.

He thanked her, and after another offer of assistance, giving her his card to send to him in case of needing it, withdrew.

"God will bless you for these acts of mercy, Miss Le Brun," whispered Leon to her.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked.

"Certainly I am."

"Then stay no longer. You can see my father is insensible. He will never speak again."

"Send me word if I can be of service to you, Charlotte. Will you not?"

"You can do nothing for me. I entreat you to leave me. I will never ask another favor."

Leon cast one look on the expiring man. His face already wore the ashen hue of death, but his breathing was still audible.

At the request of Stanley Burke, Alida was brought to his house for an interview with her mother. He was not present, but he saw the maiden before she departed. His greeting and congratulations were cordial and heartfelt.

Leon saw her too; not only on that occasion, but on several others. Once in particular, when, at Clara Burke's entreaty, the fair girl consented to officiate as first among her bridesmaids. Leon was first groomsman; and the happiness of attending her fell to his lot.

It was then that hope reentered his heart. The young girl was too artless to conceal the impression he had made upon her affections; and the two, somehow, contrived to come to an understanding satisfactory to both.

Clara was a lovely bride. She sailed for Europe soon after with her husband, who may yet become her presumptive of the earldom.

Alida, by her own and her father's desire, returned to school, and prosecuted her studies with diligence. In two years she will be emancipated. Then Leon Burke hopes that she will reward his faithful attachment.

Her father has purchased a home on Madison Avenue, to which he will remove when his daughter completes her education. When the young girl returns from their bridal tour he may invite them to reside with him.

Charlotte Le Brun went to live in Cincinnati. She refused all offers of payment from Mr. Stanley Burke and from Mr. Lovel; and quitted the city immediately after her father's funeral. She continued to exercise her artistic talents at the West, and before the year was out, married a young lawyer of great promise. No doubt she profited by the lessons she had received. We will hope she proved a good wife and a useful member of society.

Hammond was never heard of by either of his partners. He is probably still engaged in speculations—making victims of the unwary, and adding to his hoards. Wall street has too many like him.

The two ruffians, Jim Kelly and Robert W. Inot, were tried for the murder of Gideon. Jim was convicted and executed; his accomplice was sent to the State's Prison for a long term of years.

The banker—Stanley Burke—never reproached his wife for the deception she had practiced on him. He was the first to bring her recovered daughter to his presence, and he always welcomed Alida to his house. But Mrs. Burke could not fail to see the change in him and his feelings toward her. The remorse and humiliation she had suffered had a wholesome effect. She never seemed again to care for the admiration of the world, or the dominion of a queen of society. In time she will recover the confidence of her husband, and in devotion to his comfort she will find the peace and joy which no triumphs of fashionable life could ever secure.

She well knows, now, that the only door by which true happiness could enter the heart is guarded by the serene angels—Love and Purity of Conscience.

THE END.

#### TO ADVERTISERS.

A few advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

#### NEW BOOKS.

BRADLEY'S DIME  
Base-Ball Player for 1875.

(FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EDITION.)

The long-established and accepted authority in Base-Ball circles on all Rules, Laws and Ages of the Game; and the STANDARD SOURCE OF REFERENCE for Averages, Club Reports, Professional Records, etc., containing a Brief History of Base-Ball, Rules for Forming Clubs, Instructions for Scoring the Game, Technical Terms used in the Game, Instructions for Managing a Club, Rules for Making out Averages, List of Professional Players, Noted Club Records for 1874, Club Averages for 1874, and the new Code of Playing Rules for 1875. Edited by Henry Chadwick.

#### DIME

Pocket Joke Book, No. 1,  
containing the raciest jokes of the season and upward of thirty comic illustrations.

Now ready and for sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—TEN CENTS.

BRADLEY AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
96 William Street, N. Y.

This is No Humbug.  
By sending 35 cents and stamp with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Box No. 88, Fultonville, N. Y. 23



THE TEA IS ALWAYS LATE.  
A Husband's Complaint.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I cannot tell why it should be—  
I can't see why it's so—  
I somehow fall to understand—  
I'd really like to know—  
I wish that I could comprehend—  
Won't anybody state  
Just why it is that every night  
My tea is always late?

My wife she promised at the start  
To love me and obey,  
And all things tokened happiness  
From that sweet marriage-day,  
But something in those marriage vows,  
Of meaning very great,  
I'm sure must have been overlooked—  
The tea is always late.

I have to meet a friend at six—  
Or go onto the mall;  
Perhaps I've got to go to lodge—  
Perhaps to make a sale,  
I am expected at the store,  
The buyer cannot wait—  
But there my sorry luck comes in—  
The tea is always late.

I've growled till all the windows shook,  
And all the doors were jarred,  
I've stamped till all the window-glass  
Fell rattling in the yard;  
I've vowed to take my meals down-town,  
No matter what the state,  
But nothing seems to change the rule—  
The tea is always late.

I move my wife with my complaints,  
I turn the servants out;  
I say my evening meal at last  
I'll learn to do without.  
I wait until to-morrow comes  
To be more fortunate,  
But everything turns out the same—  
The tea is always late.

If I should ever wed again  
I would fill up the flaw,  
And make postponement of the tea  
A breach in marriage law.  
But, since I can't reverse the rule,  
I've given up to fate;  
I sit me down dejectedly  
And take a nap, and wait.

The Snow Hunters:  
OR,  
WINTER IN THE WOODS.BY C. DUNNING CLARK,  
AUTHOR OF "YOUNG SEAL-HUNTER," "IN THE  
WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE,"  
"ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

## VI.—Boiling a Tunnel.

FOR two days after the punishment of Bill Becker, and the addition of Indian Alf to the party, very little was done, for a heavy snow fell which made hunting impossible. It was not so much the quantity of snow which fell but a heavy wind was blowing, and for nearly forty-eight hours you could hardly see ten feet from the door. Luckily enough they had firewood in abundance, and therefore could afford to laugh at the storm outside. Sitting before the glowing fire they feasted upon the savory ribs of the wapiiti and listened to the tales of Hunter life as they fell from the lips of old Dave Blodgett. This man, in his adventurous life, had seen much of peril, and had shared in dangers almost beyond belief. He had starved with a party on the alkali flats of the West, and been "snowed in" among the Sierras; had canoed it upon the waters from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of California; had fought with the desperate Indians of all tribes over this broad land, and had dropped game before his deadly rifle upon nearly every State in the Union and every division of Canada. Such a man must have laid up great stores of knowledge, and through these stormy days the party never thought of becoming weary with listening to the stories of his wild adventure.

"Well, boys," said the guide, "seem' we ar' snowed in, I reckon I'll hev to tell you about a trip I took one time up on the Red River of the North. I had two companions, boys, that knowed the kentry like a book, an' had seen nigh ez much of it ez I hed, an' thet ain't sayin' a little, I allow. Jim Johnson was one an' Ned Fobes the other. We'd bin trappin' an' hed b'ilt up quite a cache, but we hed to keep mighty clust on account of the Crees. Them Plain Crees ar' p'izen, now mind I tell ye. A lot of hungry, lazy, wicked cusses, thet don't think no more of a man's life than you would of snuffin' out a candle. I've f'out 'em in every shape, an' I know wher of I speak.

"We had a mighty nice winter, and the beaver seemed to walk into our traps thet's own accord. We talkilated on makin' our pile that winter, an' it seemed likely we might. We'd made our camp in a canon among the mountains, a place hard to git at, an' thet we staid nights. We b'ilt a cabin clust to the rocks, and trained some mountain vines to run over it in such a way thet a stranger would hardly know the cabin war thar'.

"The night I speak of I didn't like the look of the sky. It wasn't cold, you understand, but the sky looked like lead, an' I knowed we war goin' to hev snow, an' I told the boys so. But they laughed it off, an' I sed no more, an' arter we'd smoked our pipes out three or four times, we laid down in our blankets an' slept like logs.

"I war the furst thet woke in the mornin', an' when I tried to push open the door it stuck, somehow.

"This door is bulged some way, Jim," I sez. "Come an' give us a lift, will ye?"

"Jim come an' set his shoulder against the door, an' turned pale when it didn't budge. Then he ran to the window, an' could see the white snow piled up high above the window, how high he could not tell.

"Snowed in!

"Boys, thet meant biznis. Thar' we war, in a cabin in the midst of a deep canon, an' with hardly food enuff to last a month. It war an awful thought thet we three, who only wantid to make an honest livin' an' then die like men, should be cooped up in this hole to die.

"I'm bound to see whether this snow is over the roof," I sez. They lifted me up an' I clipped away the bark with my knife, an' of you will believe it, the snow war over the roof! It hed drifted, an' the canon war full, an' we five hundred feet from the open kentry—where we could war along well enuff—war penned up in a livin' grave.

"Jim Johnson sot down and thought about it. He war a noble feller, an' one thet never give up when thar was a way out'n the scrape. I could see by his face thet he didn't perpose to give up—not ef he know'd it.

"Dave, he sez, 'how fur is it out of this durned canon?'

"Five hundred feet mebbe. I reckon we ar' dished, old man."

"Don't give it up yet, sez Jim. 'Ef the snow wa'n't so durned light I'd laugh at it, but this yer tumbles in too easy. How much wood hev we got?'

"Wood enuff to last all winter. I only wish we hed ez much grub."

"Hev we got a week's grub?'

"Yes; a month's, sartain."

"Then take it easy. Let's play a game of seven-up. I kin beat the boss at the picters."

"Under the circumstances, it war rather cool in him to ask me to play keards, and the look of horror in my face made him laugh.

"Don't look like you was goin' to sink inter the grave, Dave," he sez. "Only let this snow settle an' I'll git you out of this. An' when I say that, I mean biznis. We ar' all right, I tell ye. Anyway, I'll bet ten beaver-pelts we ar' out'n this in a week."

"Do you think we ar' goin' ter hev a thaw?'

"Nixy."

"Then, how d'ye mean ter git out?'

"Never you mind. Git them picters an' let us hev some fun."

"I don't think I ever played a hand at old cledge when the picters interested me less; but, somehow, Jim's calm face infected me, an' I felt better. We didn't do much fur two days but play keards, an' on the third mornin' Jim pushed the door an' got a handful of snow. It were quite wet, an' Jim looked pleased.

"What ar' you goin' ter do? I sez.

"I'm goin' ter make a tunnel."

"Why, Jim, sez I 'yer lame on thet, yer awful lame. This yer tunnel hez got ter be five hundred feet long. Now, what ar' ye goin' ter do with the snow?'

"Looks like I couldn't fotch it, eh? You build up a roaring fire an' put out all the kittles. I'm goin' ter bile my way out."

"I mind him, not thet I seed' his little game yet. I got the fire roarin', an' he took the kittles out—the snow had melted away from the door so that he could open it—and he war diggin' at his tunnel, an' throwin' the snow in on the floor. We scooped it up an' threw it inter the kittles, an' when they war full, Jim took the hot water out an' threw it on the snow in front of him, an' every kittles full dug a mighty big hole in the snow."

"Looks like we mout fotch her, Dave," says Jim. "What d'ye think now?'

"Won't she cave in? I sez, lookin' up at the roof of his tunnel.

"He didn't answer, but, after he had dug the tunnel about ten feet long, he took out the water and threw it on the roof, where it formed a sort of cake, so that it did not fall in a week or a cent.

"Hooray, Jim! I sez. 'You'll fotch it this time!'

"The fust day he dug a hundred feet, an' had a nice tunnel two feet wide an' six feet high, an' when we went into it in the morning the roof war hard ez ice, an' didn't show the fust sign of caving in. We worked like heroes now, an' thet day we did two hundred feet. We couldn't go wrong, fur the canon wa'n't more'n twenty feet wide.

"Jim war proud of his tunnel, an' I ain't fully satisfied he didn't git up nights to look at it. Not thet we slept all night, but we took spells of sleep while the other two worked. One thing troubled me: s'pose this wa'n't a drift in the canon—s'pose the snow were that deep on a level. On the fifth day we had dug over five hundred feet, an' no sign of daylight yet. Jim still kept whistling at his work."

"How long ar' you goin' ter keep this up? I says.

"While the wood lasts, boyee. I thought you told me it war five hundred feet to daylight."

"I thought it war nigh about that."

"I don't keer ef it's eight; I'm bound to tunnel out. I seem to feel that we'll succeed. For—hooray—hip, hip, hip—hooray!"

"Sure enough, we saw daylight ahead, an' we knowed thet we war nigh liberty. Ned went back fur the rifles an' traps, an' Jim made the snow fly afore him. Five minits arter we stood in the open air, free men, after seven days spent under the snow. What's the time, Square? Ten o'clock, eh! Blanket-time with me."

And the party lay down to rest by the gleaming fire.

## A Game of Cards.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"EUCHERED!" exclaimed Maurice Sands, as his partner, Miss Cornelia Hungerford—called Neale, for short, by her few intimate friends—threw a trump upon their opponents' last trick. He gathered up the cards, saying:

"We have scored nine. One more point and we are victors, and it is your deal," this last to his *vis-a-vis*.

The lady puts out her hand for them.

"Why, Miss Hungerford, are you ill?" Maurice asks.

"Oh, no! but—" she feels that she is frightfully pale—"the room is close." She draws a sort of sighing breath, as if really oppressed by the sultry atmosphere of the August night, as experienced within the brilliantly-lighted room, then, with an effort, is her fascinating self again, and makes a laughing remark to Willis Cleveland as she tosses the cards about. She does not pale again, even when she looks at her hand, knowing that, in all probability, this deal decides her fate. Her own cards tell her nothing; but Mr. Sands' voice does, almost instantly, with a triumphant ring in it that would have been intensified had he known the decision that this game of cards controlled.

"You've done magnificently, partner! See what you have given me," she shows up his hand—the two bowers and the ace—"our last point!"

She bows, and holds her white hands across the table to him in congratulation, as placidly as if she was not realizing, with great heart-throbs of anguish, that she has put forever into the past, honor and love, and happiness. And though of her own will, and only in mental agreement with herself has Miss Hungerford done this—staked her destiny upon a game of cards—it never occurs to her to do aught but accept as inevitable the fate she has challenged. She is no coward, if rash, passionate, and unwise. She has never been known to abandon a purpose short of its fulfillment, nor to flinch in the execution of tasks however difficult, or foolhardy, or mad. The termination of a game of cards has pictured her future. She sees it, leathes it, accepts it, and turns to hear Miss Morse's congratulations with a light born not of victory, but of death-like resolve, in her great, cloudy, black eyes.

"My compliments, Miss Hungerford," Cleveland joins in. "You have won the stakes for championship. Allow me the honor, Maurice."

Mr. Sands has lifted a vine of myrtle twisted with a few stary, white phloxes. Cleveland takes it from him, and rising, places it gracefully, with a half caressing motion it seems to Miss Morse—who loves Willis, and chafes under the galling consciousness that she loves him hopelessly—upon Cornelia Hungerford's stylishly arranged braids of blue-black hair.

"I crown you champion eucher-player of Cliff Cottage," he says, dropping his gaze down upon her handsome, creamy, brunette face. Miss Hungerford rises, haughtily.

"Thank you; but allow me to remind you that my name can only be used as that in connection with Mr. Sands." Then turning to that gentleman: "It is fearfully oppressive here; will you give me your arm to the veranda?"

They go out together, slowly—there seems a challenge in all Miss Hungerford does to-night—into the yellow August moonlight, and warm, damp, fragrant air, and along the broad balcony to a wide side-flight of steps lying in a rippleless flood of sheen. Here Miss Hungerford withdraws her hand from her companion's arm and leans, tall and stately, against a shaft of railing, coolly surveying Maurice, who stands in awkward silence. How she hates him—no, not that; he is not enough her equal to be worthy such passion; but she regards him with merciless contempt, this rich, loud-styled, unintelligent, almost illiterate man, who has asked her to be his second wife, and whose second wife she means to be.

Presently she says, calmly: "I thank you for allowing me my own time wherein to frame an answer to your flattering offer; but I might have spared you any impatience by saying 'yes' at first, as I say it now." Few men but Maurice Sands would have failed to catch the sarcasm flavoring Miss Hungerford's speech.

"I am blessed—" he begins awkwardly, without the least attempt at affectionate demonstration—Miss Hungerford has a look as if she would not allow it—"I—I—here he breaks down."

Cornelia makes no effort to help him make love to her, but stands silent, with mocking lines and lights about her mouth and in her eyes; so he commences again, drawing a great, glittering diamond-drop from his fourth finger, and holding it toward his betrothed: "Will you let me place this upon your hand—and—and—I may feel sure that it is the—"

Miss Hungerford comes to the rescue this time: "You may feel sure that I shall wear it as the visible seal of a bond that shall be ratified at your own good pleasure."

"Thank you. It shall be very soon, but we'll talk of that to-morrow."

"Very well. Take me back."

Mrs. Cleveland meets them at the door. "I was just coming for you, Neale; it is too damp to stay outside, and Fred and Willis are both asking for you to sing."

"Then I must resign Mr. Sands to your tender mercies, Anabel. A sweet reprieve for him since he is to endure mine for life."

So, she tells her friend that this engagement has come about; and, at the piano, her diamond-decked finger flashes the intelligence to the others of Cliff Cottage circle. Estella Morse rejoices; Mr. Cleveland looks over to his wife—entertaining Maurice—and shrugs his shoulders cynically; his brother, leaning low over Cornelia as she concludes her vocal entertainment and dashes into a grand fantasia, whispers:

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you, but I shall not! You do not think as much of the man you are going to marry as you do of me! You feel only contempt for him; you honor me with your hate—though you know I worship you!"

Miss Hungerford replies with insulting coldness: "Spare yourself congratulations and the infliction of your conceit. You do yourself too high an honor in thinking I would waste any thing so exhaustive as hate upon you. As for your worship, do not waste anything so precious; it is not worth a thought to me!"

"Is it not?" he says, with a steely hardness in his low, intense voice. "Is it not? You shall learn better!"

She laughs such a mirthful, mocking laugh back at him, as she gets up from the piano, her face from him, and cries: "How flatteringly you all treat my music! Estella gone, Fred asleep, and you, Anabel, and Mr. Sands, looking like poppies—the combined result of sleepiness and heat, I presume. It is insufferably warm to-night."

Mr. Sands sends for his carriage, and presently the horses come round. Miss Hungerford accompanies him to the door and reluctantly gives him her hand. He grasps it firmly, jerks her toward him, saying: "I have the right," and kisses her, and goes down to his handsome equipage.

At that moment Willis Cleveland brushes past her, his hair wet with dew from the honeysuckles, a sneer curling his lips.

Miss Hungerford sees, and passes up the stairway with her face aflame, and in her own room kneels by her open casement and ripples the sultry summer gloom with short, quick breaths of anger and misery.

Now, when she feels the touch of that man's kiss upon her lips—lips whose very curved lines speak of the woman's inborn pride—lips that have never given favors to any man but Alymer Du Puy—lips that he has caressed scores of times, as sacred to him, alone, calling them all beautiful names that describe their carnation perfection—she feels cold chills of horror as she realizes how utterly, in her rashness, she has crucified womanly honor and the only soul-passion her heart can ever know. And that Willis Cleveland should know this, too, and taunt her with it! How she hates him! but not more than she hates herself!

There is a slight tap at the door. Instantly Miss Hungerford is walking toward it calmly; calmly she questions:

"Who is there?"

Willis Cleveland's voice answers, "It is I. Pardon me, Miss Hungerford, but I find slipped among my letters one for you. I quite forgot to hand it to you at tea."

Miss Hungerford sets the door ajar, and takes the letter, and shivers with it in her hand in the gloom, and as the flash of the lamplight falls upon it whitens to the lips; for it is from Du Puy. Steadily she opens it and reads:

"NEALE, DARLING NEALE:  
"No doubt I have been a fool. But I cannot believe that I am not more to you than Willis Cleveland. At least, I must make one trial, even though you are down there with him, to save you to myself. Forgive I pray you my hard words—my silence—forget and forgive everything save that I worship you! My love! my life! I cannot live without you! Send me word when to live and love you."  
"ALYMER DU PUY."

And if this letter had reached Miss Hungerford four hours sooner, she might have answered it as her whole nature dictates. Instead, she has madly staked her fate upon cards, and lost the lover to whom she has been too proud to write first, and for whose message she has waited vainly so many days. Now that it is come, she is the promised wife of another man, and Miss Hungerford has never broken her word, will not break it now. So what avail to explain that Willis Cleveland had never been more to her than her dearest friend's brother, to excoriate her lover's jealousy, to deprecate her own rash pride and folly?

The lady to whom Mr. Du Puy wrote to-day is the betrothed wife of Mr. Maurice Sands, of Castle Kyng, Hildreth."

Cliff Cottage," he says, dropping his gaze down upon her handsome, creamy, brunette face. Miss Hungerford rises, haughtily.

"Thank you; but allow me to remind you that my name can only be used as that in connection with Mr. Sands." Then turning to that gentleman: "It is fearfully oppressive here; will you give me your arm to the veranda?"

They go out together, slowly—there seems a challenge in all Miss Hungerford does to-night—into the yellow August moonlight, and warm, damp, fragrant air, and along the broad balcony to a wide side-flight of steps lying in a rippleless flood of sheen. Here Miss Hungerford withdraws her hand from her companion's arm and leans, tall and stately, against a shaft of railing, coolly surveying Maurice, who stands in awkward silence. How she hates him—no, not that; he is not enough her equal to be worthy such passion; but she regards him with merciless contempt, this rich, loud-styled, unintelligent, almost illiterate man, who has asked her to be his second wife, and whose second wife she means to be.

Presently she says, calmly: "I thank you for allowing me my own time wherein to frame an answer to your flattering offer; but I might have spared you any impatience by saying 'yes' at first, as I say it now." Few men but Maurice Sands would have failed to catch the sarcasm flavoring Miss Hungerford's speech.

"I am blessed—" he begins awkwardly, without the least attempt at affectionate demonstration—Miss Hungerford has a look as if she would not allow it—"I—I—here he breaks down."

Cornelia makes no effort to help him make love to her, but stands silent, with mocking lines and lights about her mouth and in her eyes; so he commences again, drawing a great, glittering diamond-drop from his fourth finger, and holding it toward his betrothed: "Will you let me place this upon your hand—and—and—I may feel sure that it is the—"

Miss Hungerford comes to the rescue this time: "You may feel sure that I shall wear it as the visible seal of a bond that shall be ratified at your own good pleasure."

"Thank you. It shall be very soon, but we'll talk of that to-morrow."

"Very well. Take me back."

Mrs. Cleveland meets them at the door. "I was just coming for you, Neale; it is too damp to stay outside, and Fred and Willis are both asking for you to sing."

"Then I must resign Mr. Sands to your tender mercies, Anabel. A sweet reprieve for him since he is to endure mine for life."

So, she tells her friend that this engagement has come about; and, at the piano, her diamond-decked finger flashes the intelligence to the others of Cliff Cottage circle. Estella Morse rejoices; Mr. Cleveland looks over to his wife—entertaining Maurice—and shrugs his shoulders cynically; his brother, leaning low over Cornelia as she concludes her vocal entertainment and dashes into a grand fantasia, whispers:

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you, but I shall not! You do not think as much of the man you are going to marry as you do of me! You feel only contempt for him; you honor me with your hate—though you know I worship you!"

Miss Hungerford replies with insulting coldness: "Spare yourself congratulations and the infliction of your conceit. You do yourself too high an honor in thinking I would waste any thing so exhaustive as hate upon you. As for your worship, do not waste anything so precious; it is not worth a thought to me!"

"Is it not?" he says, with a steely hardness in his low, intense voice. "Is it not? You shall learn better!"

She laughs such a mirthful, mocking laugh back at him, as she gets up from the piano, her face from him, and cries: "How flatteringly you all treat my music! Estella gone, Fred asleep, and you, Anabel, and Mr. Sands, looking like poppies—the combined result of sleepiness and heat, I presume. It is insufferably warm to-night."

Mr. Sands sends for his carriage, and presently the horses come round. Miss Hungerford accompanies him to the door and reluctantly gives him her hand. He grasps it firmly, jerks her toward him, saying: "I have the right," and kisses her, and goes down to his handsome equipage.

At that moment Willis Cleveland brushes past her, his hair wet with dew from the honeysuckles, a sneer curling his lips.

Miss Hungerford sees, and passes up the stairway with her face aflame, and in her own room kneels by her open casement and ripples the sultry summer gloom with short, quick breaths of anger and misery.

Now, when she feels the touch of that man's kiss upon her lips—lips whose very curved lines speak of the woman's inborn pride—lips that have never given favors to any man but Alymer Du Puy—lips that he has caressed scores of times, as sacred to him, alone, calling them all beautiful names that describe their carnation perfection—she feels cold chills of horror as she realizes how utterly, in her rashness, she has crucified womanly honor and the only soul-passion her heart can ever know. And that Willis Cleveland should know this, too, and taunt her with it! How she hates him! but not more than she hates herself!

There is a slight tap at the door. Instantly Miss Hungerford is walking toward it calmly; calmly she questions:

"Who is there?"

Willis Cleveland's voice answers, "It is I. Pardon me, Miss Hungerford, but I find slipped among my letters one for you. I quite forgot to hand it to you at tea."

Miss Hungerford sets the door ajar, and takes the letter, and shivers with it in her hand in the gloom, and as the flash of the lamplight falls upon it whitens to the lips; for it is from Du Puy. Steadily she opens it and reads:

"NEALE, DARLING NEALE:  
"No doubt I have been a fool. But I cannot believe that I am not more to you than Willis Cleveland. At least, I must make one trial, even though you are down there with him, to save you to myself. Forgive I pray you my hard words—my silence—forget and forgive everything save that I worship you! My love! my life! I cannot live without you! Send me word when to live and love you."  
"ALYMER DU PUY."

And if this letter had reached Miss Hungerford four hours sooner, she might have answered it as her whole nature dictates. Instead, she has madly staked her fate upon cards, and lost the lover to whom she has been too proud to write first, and for whose message she has waited vainly so many days. Now that it is come, she is the promised wife of another man, and Miss Hungerford has never broken her word, will not break it now. So what avail to explain that Willis Cleveland had never been more to her than her dearest friend's brother, to excoriate her lover's jealousy, to deprecate her own rash pride and folly?

The lady to whom Mr. Du Puy wrote to-day is the betrothed wife of Mr. Maurice Sands, of Castle Kyng, Hildreth."

Those are the only lines that go in answer to Alymer Du Puy.

Miss Hungerford and Mr. Sands are to be married with the New Year. He is at his town house; she vibrates between Anabel's, on square, and her boarding-place upon a street near; meeting Willis occasionally, hating him as fiercely as ever, and trying to believe that he is half to blame for the misery she endures—the effect of her rashness. Willis and Maurice meet oftener—around town and at the club.

They play late one night, Maurice staking heavily and losing all. All the gentlemen have been drinking. Willis, especially, is flushed with wine and excitement. Perhaps that is how he comes to taunt his *vis-a-vis*.

"You ought to ask Miss Hungerford to come play for you."

"How dare you use her name here?" Sands cries, in a rage. "You have too much to say of her, and to her, at all times."

Willis laughs mockingly: "Oh! ho! that need not trouble you! She cares scarcely more for me than for you, and, Heaven knows, she hates you badly enough!"

A spray of wine dashes across Cleveland's face. But New York is not the city in which to fight duels, and their friends hold them apart. The games go on, and Maurice yet loses.

Out in the cold gray dawn walks Willis. Another man follows him close, the owner of the fiery team who chafe by the curb. The man drops his hand heavily upon Willis's shoulder.

"Now swear to me that what you said in there was false!"

"It is not! Cornelia Hungerford loves but one man. She quarreled with him, and means to marry you because of her devilish pride!"

"And that man was—?"

"His name, you mean? Alymer Du Puy. Ask her if it is not so," and Cleveland walks away with a mocking laugh.

Sands springs to the carriage, snatches the reins from the drowsy servant, flings the whip at the fiery horses, and a minute later they are tearing along the square, carrying the debris of a carriage from which master and servant lie limp upon the stones. In an instant two men are bending over Maurice—one with whom he has just quarreled—one who had reached them just in time to hear their quarrel—and find him dead.

"Can you give me Miss Hungerford's address, Mr. Cleveland?" Alymer Du Puy asks, quite calmly, after ascertaining that fact.

Perhaps Willis understands in that instant of what little avail all that has happened will be to him. He gives the address.

Miss Hungerford comes down to her nine o'clock breakfast, after a sleepless night.

"A gentleman in the parlor to see you, Miss, and if ye please he says he's in a great hurry."

She turns back from the dining-room door, and enters the parlor, where Du Puy faces her. In a moment he is holding her hand, and asking:

"Neale, for God's sake, tell me the truth! Do you love me enough to marry me?"

"I am to marry another man! I have given my word." She falters, turning away her head, and wondering whether she has strength and pride to keep her word, as she has always kept it heretofore.

"Neale," he says almost in a whisper, "suppose I tell you that you are absolved from that promise, forever! What then?"

Anabel coming in hurriedly to condole with her friend over the death of her betrothed, finds her being consoled in Alymer Du Puy's arms.

He stepped inside and asked to see the jewel whose glitter had attracted him.

It was a pearl, fashioned in the shape of an acorn, with a cup of gold. One of those rare pearls that have a radiance like moonlight, so pure